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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1951

THE SCHUMAN PACT

BY M. J. BONN

I

NEARLY 25 years have passed since the news of the conclusion of the international steel pact enthused all those well-meaning people, to whom the word "international" signifies peace and good will amongst nations. They saw in it the end of all wars, since the armament manufacturers—the merchants of death, as they were later called in the United States—no longer trying to outbid each other in the production of their murderous wares, were joining hands—at the expense of their national consumers. At that time, the steel capacity of western Europe had risen far beyond actual and even potential requirements, from 31.47 to 47.50 million tons. The makers of the pact assumed as adequate a basic production of 25,280, later raised to 29,287 million tons for the west-Continent, of which 43.18 per cent. were allocated to Germany, 31.18 per cent. to France, 11.56 per cent. to Belgium, 8.3 per cent. to Luxemburg, and 5.78 per cent. to the Saar. A fine of four dollars the ton was imposed on excess output, and a corresponding premium was allowed for each ton below the quota. The plan failed. In 1929, the five partners turned out over 34 million tons, a feat which contributed to the great depression.

The conclusion of the steel pact had been a grave defeat for France. She had hoped through the peace treaty to supplant Germany as the leading continental steel producer. But neither the re-annexation of Alsace-Lorraine's iron ore mines, the confiscation of her German owned steel plants, the separation from Germany of Luxemburg, nor the economic annexation of the Saar for 15 years and the coal deliveries exacted under the treaty, could offset the natural advantages remaining with Germany. The Germans emancipated themselves from the relatively poor Lorraine ores (30 per cent. iron content), and switched over to Spanish and Swedish ores with over 50 per cent. Once the duty-free access to Germany for five years of products from Alsace-Lorraine (which France had secured by the treaty) had lapsed the markets for land-locked Lorraine steel were limited; those of the Ruhr, accessible by sea, covered the world. In 1926, Germany

without the Saar, produced over 12 millions of crude steel, and France only 8.6 million tons.

II

The Potsdam agreement, reducing Germany's industrial equipment and limiting her steel production, originally to 5.8 million tons, gave France another chance for assuming the leadership of the continental heavy industries. It soothed moreover her *amour propre*. It was much more satisfactory to ascribe her defeat to Germany's "overwhelming industrial war potential" than to France's military failures. But the period of destructive planning in which the Allies had indulged, did not last long. The Anglo-American governments were prepared to accept Germany as a member of western Europe, though they wanted to retain some control over her industrial activities. They drafted and redrafted the Statute of the Ruhr Authority, which was finally embodied in the Washington agreement on April 6-8, 1949.

The Ruhr Authority is composed of 15 members, three each for France, Great Britain, the United States and Germany, and one each for Belgium, Luxemburg and the Netherlands. Its normal decisions are taken by a simple majority. It has to see to it, "that access to the coal, coke and steel of the Ruhr, which was previously subject to the exclusive control of Germany, be in the future assured on an equitable basis to the countries co-operating in the common economic good"; to prevent "the movements of Ruhr coke and steel to restricted or limited industries" and "an excessive concentration of economic power." For the first time, an industrial country was compelled to share its natural resources with its neighbours, not by way of reciprocal trade agreements, but on the assumption that it was its duty to make up for their deficiencies.

Germany has always been a land of cartels and combines; the latter enjoyed great advantages over rivals, who had to buy monopolized raw materials, received low production quotas, and had to sell processed products in competitive markets. Law 75, agreed upon by Britain and the United States in December 1948, re-grouped coal and iron by disentangling the huge combines and by severing the ties between coal and steel. It left the decision, whether these industries were to be nationalized or to be run by private enterprise, to a German government. The French objected. They neither wanted a nationalized German coal and steel industry, which would represent far greater economic power than mere cartels or combines, nor did they desire a return of the old owners or managers, whose efficiency they respected, not altogether without reason. But they could not hold out against Anglo-American pressure. Moreover in the spring of 1950, a glut in coal and steel seemed imminent. France found it

difficult to sell her steel and iron ores. When coal went begging, and when Germany for the time being was not making full use of her steel quota, the Ruhr Authority was no good to France. The question of Germany's rearmament, and her demands for equality, had to be faced. Something had to be done.

III

The original Schuman Plan, launched behind the back of the British Government, had envisaged a high authority appointed by member governments, exercising complete control over coal, iron and steel production, distribution and indirectly transportation. This body was to be sovereign, free from the control of national governments and national parliaments. The scheme resembled the plans of the Ruhr magnates in the early days of the Weimar Republic for establishing self-governing bodies composed of employers and employees, which would be independent of the democratic government; hopes for collaboration with similar French institutions as represented by the *Comité des Forges*, had been very high. Great Britain rightly recoiled from this business-men's conspiracy; she need not have refused to join in a discussion of the plan.

At the insistence of the smaller countries, the outrageous attempt at putting parts of national sovereignties into the hands of an irresponsible board had to be dropped. The six member States, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg, now transfer the controls, which their Governments hitherto exercised over the heavy industries, to an authority to be composed of nine members, eight of them appointed by them. But this authority is responsible to an assembly of delegates from the members' parliaments; it meets once a year to discuss the report presented by the authority, and to ask for further information. By passing a no-confidence vote with a two-thirds majority of the members present, it can enforce the high authority's resignation; successors will be appointed by the Governments of the participant States. The latter moreover delegate one of their members to a council of Ministers with which the authority has to co-operate; some of its decisions depend on the council's consent. A special court of seven judges will settle issues arising out of the treaty. Both council and individual governments can appeal to it against a ruling of the authority; so can firms or trade associations affected by its decisions. The court can impose specified fines and penalties on firms which infringe its injunctions. An advisory committee, consisting from between 31 to 50 operators, workers, consumers and traders, will assist the authority, which can, and in certain cases, must consult it. A close liaison between the high authority, the United Nations and the Council of Europe is postulated. The treaty is to run for 50 years. It does not establish a supra-

national government ; it transfers parts of national sovereignties to a private international supra-government body.

IV

The authority has to establish a free trade area of 150 million people protected from outside for coal, iron and steel. Its size is supposed to favour larger output and lower prices, so that a considerable part of the normal output can be regularly exported. As the leading firms in every member country have reached optimum size long ago, the argument for a larger market is probably over-stressed. A simple customs union between the six countries for coal, iron and steel could rapidly establish this large market ; OEEC could easily draft a workable scheme. The result of this unification would be a shifting of coal, iron and steel production to the most favoured regions. In the present period of scarcity which will continue during the armament race, high cost producers could easily survive for some time, and their favoured rivals would make exceptionally high profits. They could modernize their plants, and by and by they would increase their share of total deliveries, at the expense of their less fortunate competitors. A simple customs union for coal, iron and steel would in no distant time restore Germany to the industrial leadership of the Continent, which neither the Versailles treaty, nor the Potsdam agreement, nor the Ruhr statute could break down. In order to stop this development, the Schuman pact had to assume a very complicated structure.

The authority will abolish all internal trade barriers and establish a common customs tariff. It will supervise rather than control the coal, iron and steel industries under its sway. It is not a planning board giving orders to dependent producers. It makes programmes and suggests their adoption to independent firms. It permits the formation of trade associations between them. It has to adjust expansion or contraction capacity, output, distribution and consumption by information, inspection and direction. It can let prices be formed freely and it can impose ceilings or cushions. Its aims are uniform prices for identical products everywhere, allowing for zonal differences due to equitable transport rates. All price agreements, restrictions, cartels, combinations are null and void ; attempts to use them are heavily fined.

In a period of inadequate supply like the present one, the uniform price will be relatively high, and more or less monopolist. The authority can do little to change this except by modernizing and intensifying production. But it can impose ceilings. By keeping them low, it would reduce the chances of survival of weaker firms, and switch automatically their share of the common output to their better equipped rivals. In order to avoid this, it can put a levy on low cost

producers in the same region and, with the consent of the council, on those in different regions, by which high cost producers will be subsidized. This will reduce prices for the processing industries everywhere. The council can, moreover, on the proposal of the authority, fix allocations and priorities for coal and steel, both for the home market and for export. During a redundancy on the other hand, the authority can, with the consent of the council, impose production quotas. Over-production is fined and under-production rewarded, as it was under the old steel pact, so that weak firms can retain their employees. The authority's rights over foreign trade are somewhat limited ; no dumping is permitted.

During a five-year period of transition, the weaker members are to be protected. Belgium's coal will have a sheltered market and receive subsidies to offset higher cost of production on 23.5 million tons. Her coal output must not be reduced by more than three per cent. a year, as long as the union's total remains stable ; France's production must not fall by more than a million tons a year. The Netherlands and Germany will have to pay subsidies to Belgium. Some national steel industries too will enjoy special privileges ; they can limit imports from other member States, impose special price regulations and apply exceptional quotas. Changes in production, which affect workers, must be offset by compensations for the loss of employment by aids for transferring men to new jobs and by payments for re-training them, when they have to learn a new trade. The authority can interfere when low costs of production are due to abnormally low wages, or where wage cuts are seriously reducing workers' standard of living—except when a member is resorting to such measures in order to re-establish its international equilibrium. The partners have bound themselves to permit free migration of skilled miners and steel workers ; they have moreover agreed to admit other labourers, needed for the development of the coal and steel industries. The authority evidently hopes to bring costs of production in the entire region to a more or less uniform level by judicious equalization grants and compensatory finance.

The equipment of the heavy industries becomes quickly obsolescent ; depreciation and modernization depend on an even flow of new capital. The authority aims at constituting itself the chief source of finance for all enterprises under its care. It will thus be able to help the modernization of backward areas, to see to a steady development of all regions, and to hold up too violent expansion of particular groups ; its credits will not be available to an enterprise which flouts its injunctions. Its consent is needed for fusions and amalgamations. It can fine those who refuse to accept its ruling, and withhold all financial aid from them. Its position in this respect will not be unlike that of a powerful holding company, which may not be able

to control all its subsidiaries directly, but whose price and financial policy cannot be ignored.

V

The pact in its present shape is an extremely ambitious, ingenious and complicated instrument. It is a supra-national cartel, over which the national governments can exercise only a limited indirect control. It must be judged on its political, rather than on its economic merits. It will be more than justified if it brings about genuine reconciliation between France and Germany. Their age-long tension was of course not the result of economic rivalries of the heavy industries. This issue came to the front only in the Versailles treaty, after France had lost her ascendancy on the Continent very nearly half a century earlier. Having recognized the impossibility of recovering it on the battlefield, even with the help of her allies, she has ever since sought to win it on the coal dumps and in the engine sheds. The Germans are well aware that, from their point of view, the Schuman pact is an "unequal treaty". They have had to accept the provisional economic integration of the Saar with France. They had to consent to the dissolution of the Ruhr coal selling agency, even though this body could not exercise monopolist functions, when size and allocation of output are determined by the authority. Though there is nothing particularly wicked in the ownership of captive mines by steel plants, the French enforced an arrangement under which only 12 steel plants are allowed to retain captive mines; they must not draw more than three-quarters of their coal and coke needs from them, and must treat them as completely independent firms, from which they buy at market prices. This arrangement had to be made because such combinations, though widespread in Germany, were not in force in France, where steel and coal are frequently spatially separated. The Germans (and to a certain degree, the Dutch) must pay subsidies during the transition period, and later on if necessary equalization grants to non-German high-cost producers. They see in these measures a deliberate attempt at taxing their own natural resources for the benefit of their less favoured partners. The pact in fact, attempts not only to equalize prices, but to equalize operating costs and conditions.

Yet the German Government has accepted the pact and the German parliament will probably ratify it, notwithstanding the violent opposition of the Socialist party. For the pact will free Germany from most of the shackles (short of those on armament production) imposed on her at Potsdam. It brings the disappearance of the Ruhr Authority, which the French—as is their habit—have conceded behind the back of the British Government. It has made possible the admission of Germany as a full and equal member to the Council of Europe. It is creating an atmosphere in which German rearmament

ment can be dispassionately discussed. The Germans are moreover well aware of the weak points of the pact. They are convinced that they possess the natural advantages in the heavy industries, and that their ability, energy and industry will in the long run make them the strongest member of the union. The authors of the pact moreover hardly realize that cartellization never meant industrial peace ; there was a never ending internecine struggle over quotas in most large cartels, and the stronger partners usually got their way. No doubt the pact is unbreakable for 50 years ; though amendable, it might one day become unworkable. It is very progressive, as far as the provisions dealing with workers interests are concerned. Yet the future will have to show, whether national workers are willing to accept the decisions of an international body as to the closing of mines and the scrapping of blast furnaces, on which they are employed. The dissolution of the Ruhr coal selling agency has already revived a claim for nationalizing the heavy industries in Germany.

The pact is not a European pact. It invites other countries to join ; but it is not likely that the peripheral States, Scandinavia, Great Britain, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey or Switzerland, will do so in the near future. It is mid-continental. It is a brilliant achievement of French draftsmanship ; the German version of the original draft is a cumbersome translation. The statement of Dr. Schumacher, the Socialist leader : " When France speaks of Europe, she means France " has an almost French terseness and will appeal to many who do not usually sympathize with him. France moreover has usually been a querulous bedfellow in international affairs. She will have to mend her ways considerably, if she wants to retain the leadership in the new firm of Schuman, Adenauer and Co., Ltd., dealers in coal, ore, scrap and steel. As it stands to-day, the pact may very well become a lawyer's delight and a politician's despair.

(Dr. Bonn was adviser on reparations and currency to German Governments and the Reichsbank after the 1914-1918 war before becoming a British subject.)

THE DUTCH AND INDONESIA

BY J. T. BROCKWAY

FROM January 25 to March 14 last the Netherlands went through a Cabinet crisis. This crisis displayed a number of curious features. In the first place, the Government had resigned after four motions criticizing their policy had been rejected in parliament by comfortable majorities. The Liberal motion, which was the more immediate cause of the Government's resignation, had, in fact, been rejected by a vote of 66—26. Secondly it took seven whole weeks—and four separate attempts by different negotiators—before a new Cabinet was formed. Thirdly, after all the complicated and protracted discussions which preceded the formation, the party composition of the new Cabinet was practically the same as that of the old, despite the appointment of five new ministers ; while most of the key posts remained in the same hands. Finally, the matter which had precipitated the crisis—the suggestion that, without first consulting parliament, the Government had modified their decision not to relinquish Netherlands sovereignty over New Guinea—fell into the background, it becoming more and more clear, as week after week went by, that the real matters at issue were the grave economic and financial problems with which the country was faced and the unpopular measures any new government would be obliged to announce in consequence. In fact, the proper interpretation of the Cabinet crisis in the Netherlands is that it was a symptom of the economic crisis, while the extraordinary length of time required to form a new Cabinet was an indication of just how serious this latter crisis was.

To anyone visiting the Netherlands in the last twelve months, the news that it is now faced with an economic problem which, if unsolved, might lead to something approaching bankruptcy, must surely come as a shock. For in spite of the great damage suffered in the last war, five years of reconstruction have largely restored that outward aspect of prosperity which characterized the country in pre-war days. The great bridges were up long ago. Rebuilding has gone on apace. Fresh paint glistens everywhere. The shops are full, the people well-clothed and well-fed and rationing is but a fading memory. All this, unhappily, is a façade. The truth is that the country has been living above its income ever since the war and is likely to have to go on depending upon foreign credits for some time

to come. Those here, who not so very long ago were pitying the British for the prolonged visit of austerity to their islands, were recently taken aback at the realization that, unlike the British, they themselves were unable to announce their independence of Marshall Aid. But Marshall Aid is coming to an end—and the Netherlands budget and balance of payments still show large deficits.*

In 1949, when the budget was as good as balanced and 70 per cent. of all imports were again being covered by exports (the pre-war situation), the Netherlands was already spending more than half its national revenues on expenses connected with war : on the armed forces, war damage and the national debt. Now, in seriously worsened circumstances, it is required to finance a large expansion of its armed forces, while the prices it is obliged to pay for essential raw material imports have risen out of all proportion to the prices it can command for its exports. The original budget for 1951 showed a deficit of 520 million guilders, approximately £50 million. In the revised budget announced after the formation of the new Government, this figure had increased to 785 million guilders—and this after all possible economies (including those on food subsidies and building) had been effected and extra taxation (income tax, profits tax, purchase tax, car tax) imposed. The 1951 expenditure on the armed forces, originally estimated at 881 million guilders and raised in October last to 1,038 million, now stands at 1,500 million guilders, or £15 per head for every man, woman and child in the country. The situation bears some resemblance to the one the British are facing. But there is one great difference : the British still own a rich empire producing many of the raw materials which are now commanding high prices on the world market. The Dutch, too, had a rich empire. Thanks in part to the British, they no longer have.

For Netherlanders this economic crisis means that, notwithstanding a really vigorous effort at recovery, which has raised production to well over pre-war levels, they are now faced with very hard times indeed, though just how hard those times are going to be has probably not yet dawned on most of the people. The immediate causes of the crisis, the Korean war and the Communist threat in Europe, are clear enough. But the deeper cause, the fundamental change in the Netherlands' position as a world power, is not so generally realized—perhaps, because this change is so hard to face ; perhaps, because the political parties, which bear a large part of the responsibility for it, do not wish the people to become too aware.

In 1939 the Netherlands was a flourishing maritime power with a large and well-developed overseas empire. To-day it has been transformed into a small, impoverished, over-populated creditor country at the mercy of events beyond its borders. Before this

* The balance of payments deficit for 1950 was 1,000 million guilders, or £10 per head of population, largely due to the liberalization of trade and the rise in world prices of raw materials.

century is out, a second Motley may well be writing a new history of the Netherlands, entitled 'The Decline'; and one of the keys he will find to the understanding of this decline will bear the label, 'the loss of the Dutch East Indies'. Having found this key, he will then proceed to describe how a revolution, initiated by the Japanese and completed by the United Nations, under American leadership, deprived the Netherlands of an empire which was not only a vital part of its economy, but also of its history, its character and its being. And in seeking to explain the astounding success of this revolution, he will discover that it might never have come about had it not been for another revolution, albeit a quieter, less spectacular one, which preceded it in the Netherlands itself. This latter revolution, characterized by the so-called Socialist 'break-through', brought governments to power in the Netherlands, unlike any of their forerunners, with new men of little political experience, who entertained strange ideas about Indonesia and its significance to the welfare of their country.

The reasons which have been put forward to explain the success of the revolution in Indonesia are manifold. One of the most superficial and most commonly heard—after the event—is the defeatist: it *had* to happen. But history does not happen. It is made by man. Another is that the revolution was the result of the irrepressible development in the Far East of western ideas of freedom. Which is demonstrable nonsense.* Another: that American business wanted the revolution to succeed, so it had to. Which at least makes more sense. Yet another: that other colonial powers with interests at stake in the Far East (Great Britain, Australia, France) sought to win reputations for themselves as promoters of Asian independence, by sacrificing the interests of the Netherlands, a small power, too weak after the war to be able to hit back and defend itself. Which is as unpleasant as truth has a habit of being.

All these reasons, however—valid as some of them may be—leave out of account the rôle played by the successive post-war governments in the Netherlands, implying that they were powerless to control the course events took; perhaps they were, but this was not solely due to the great odds against them. The Indonesian problem cried out for men of vision and stature, men who thoroughly understood the archipelago and its peoples, were fully alive to its vital importance for their own country (and *vice versa*) and who were equipped with sufficient courage and sense of purpose to pursue a consistent policy, regardless of pressure from any quarter. Such men existed in Holland

* The revolution was sponsored by the Japanese as part of their plan for a Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere and led by men who had headed Communist risings in the 'twenties. Further, the actions of the Indonesian Government since the transfer of sovereignty in 1949 have demonstrated its totalitarian proclivities.

but the post-war political revolution which followed on the German occupation of the Netherlands prevented them from coming to the fore. But mediocre men were brought to power on the wave of idealism which came in after the Germans had gone out. So from the new Motley's second key to the understanding of the decline of the Netherlands hangs a label bearing one word : Hitler.

The post-war coalition governments have been composed in the main of members of the Catholic People's Party and the Labour Party. The Protestants, who ruled with the Catholics before the war, form, with the Liberals, the main opposition, though members of the smaller Protestant Party, the Christian Historical Union, and the Liberal Party have occupied, and still occupy, a seat or two in the Cabinet.*

The Catholic-Labour coalitions in the Netherlands represented an alliance of opposites based, not on identity of purpose and principle, but on compromise and political expediency. An alliance of this character ruled out statesmanship, nor could it be expected to produce any virile and consistent policy for Indonesia. Besides many of the men it brought to office had only a limited knowledge—and as good as no experience—of the archipelago, while they also lacked a proper sense of historical perspective, which caused them to overlook the long-term significance of Indonesia and to concentrate on producing a semblance of recovery at home.

The Labour Party was addicted to a doctrinaire anti-colonialism, deaf to argument and blind to fact. Furthermore it was infected by an ethical idealism which had developed at an accelerated pace among many well-meaning but short-sighted 'progressives' during the war, as an emotional reaction to Nazi oppression. But it was unsuitable and unfortunate as a basis for dealing with the revolutionary situation in the post-war Indies. There it played in piteous fashion into the hands of those clever, hard-headed realists, Soekarno and Hatta, while at home it pandered to the misguided sentiment entertained by Labour's supporters, the working class, to the effect that as they themselves derived no profit from the Netherlands connection with the Indies, there was nothing to be lost by surrendering the archipelago to the revolutionaries. Jealous of its newly-won power and anxious for its popularity among the workers, the Labour Party did nothing to enlighten them as to the very real benefits they enjoyed as a result of the past endeavours of their own countrymen in the Indies. On the contrary, the Party preferred to foster the workers' prejudice on this score (since it was a political factor of considerable emotional force) and allowed its policy to be dictated by it. Thus Labour's influence on Netherlands policy regarding Indonesia reflected the opinions of the most misguided and ignorant sections of the population.

Leading Catholics, though not handicapped by this same dangerous

* The key post of Foreign Minister, for instance, is filled by Mr. D. U. Stikker, member of the Liberal Party, the V.V.D.

idealism and far more independent of their supporters among the electorate—who would go on voting Catholic simply because they were Catholic by religion—were often, like their Labour *confrères*, notoriously inexperienced in Indonesian matters. Thus the first-hand knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Maarseveen, Minister of Overseas Territories from early in 1949 until the recent Cabinet re-shuffle, was based on a ten-day visit to the archipelago made in the thick of the crisis. While of ex-Prime Minister Beel, later High Commissioner in Indonesia, the quip went the rounds that he must have been and exceptionally clever child, since he knew as much about Indonesia at the age of five as he did as Prime Minister.

Moreover, Indonesian customs, especially those of the Javanese with whom these Dutch politicians had chiefly to deal, are highly formalized. A subtle and delicate understanding of, and respect for, Indonesian habits of thought and etiquette were, therefore, an essential part of any Dutch politician's equipment, while lack of them could have unfortunate repercussions. The Japanese had understood this and had done their best to make the Dutch lose face during the occupation of the Indies. But the clumsy behaviour of the new men in power in the Netherlands during visits to the archipelago only added to the damage done by the Japanese. Many of the highest representatives of the post-war Dutch governments in Indonesia could not even understand any Indonesian language, let alone the etiquette of the East.

The policy followed by the coalition governments is well known. Briefly they began by refusing to parley with the republican revolutionaries, Soekarno and Hatta, since they were quislings, who had actively co-operated with the Japanese against the Allies. They then wavered between the signing of two agreements with these quislings and the launching of two military campaigns against them, before finally ending up with the unconditional, irrevocable and complete transfer of sovereignty into their hands.

While all this was going on, those who had long years of experience in Indonesia and who tried to bring the archipelago's significance for the Netherlands home to the Dutch people, were dubbed reactionaries, out for their own advantage. They were not, however, the diehard capitalists and empire-builders the idealists made them out to be, but included in their ranks men of science, agricultural experts and administrators. Inside parliament the power of the Catholic-Labour *bloc* prevented men like these from exercising any effective influence, while their supporters in the country, amounting to roughly one-third of the electorate, realizing their impotence, were gradually reduced to an angry, frustrated silence. At the end of 1949 the same parliament which a year before had unanimously * approved

* The Communist Party excepted.

the resumption of military action against the revolutionaries, was approving the transfer of Indonesian sovereignty into the hands of the same men—because it no longer had any choice. By this time the people, in so far as they had been interested at all, were so bewildered by the continual twistings and turnings of government policy that they had given up even trying to understand what was happening. Many, in fact, could no longer bear to hear the word 'Indonesia' breathed. So it was that public opinion was immobilized and silent at a time when, in any democratic State, it should have been most active and vociferous. However great a rôle other factors played, it is an indisputable fact that one of the principal causes of the final Netherlands capitulation was the failure of one of the oldest democracies in the world to operate as a democracy at one of the most decisive moments in its history. From first to last the official handling of the Indonesian problem was uninspired, the attitude of the greater public, spiritless. Here we observe another, and graver, aspect of the decline of the Netherlands and one which, once again, can be attributed to Hitler's occupation of the country. He had destroyed the continuity of Dutch political tradition.

The Netherlands was, of course, as good as committed to granting independence to the Dutch East Indies in any case. The points at issue were not whether, but *how* this should be done; which people should exercise independence and what form the new Indonesian government should take. The choice lay between a federation of States which would reflect "the democratic equality of various groups and the dictatorship of a ruling minority",* that is, Soekarno's Republic. For the Dutch there was also the choice between men who would co-operate with the Netherlands and those who were its declared and fanatical enemies. No political realist could fairly object to the Dutch desire to choose the former—least of all those colonial realists, the British, who have made it quite clear that they do not intend to put up with any busyboding by the United Nations in the affairs of their own colonies.

It remains true as well that the archipelago and its peoples are heterogeneous in character and that many groups had very real reasons for fearing domination by the Javanese Republic. The leaders of that Republic were, and still are, primarily motivated by considerations of power, as their deeds since the transfer of sovereignty have amply demonstrated. They have employed the methods of the totalitarian State to liquidate all opposition to their revolutionary will, such as armed violence, starvation blockade, sudden arrest at night of ministers, imprisonment without trial, censorship, and have done so, as they say, to "protect" the peoples concerned and to restore to them "peace and security"—formulas which have a

* Van Royen in a statement to the Security Council, January 1949.

familiar ring in twentieth century Europe. But they have so far failed to show the same efficiency in putting down the armed bands which are still terrorizing the plantations and villages all over Java.

Of the multitudinous effects of the loss of Indonesia on the Netherlands economy, an important one, the loss of a source of supply of raw materials, including rubber and tin, has already been indicated. Another, directly related to the problem of re-armament, was described by the ex-War Minister, Mr. s'Jacob, who declared some months ago in Washington that as a result of the Indonesian dispute and the transfer of sovereignty, the Netherlands re-armament programme was five years behind, the greater part of Dutch armaments having been handed over to the Indonesian army for the purpose of maintaining order.

The weakness of the Netherlands' position in the archipelago has been abundantly demonstrated since the transfer. For instance, when the Amboinese attempt to resist forcible inclusion in a new corporate State of Indonesia* was crushed by the bombardment of the island of Amboina and the landing of Indonesian Government troops (actions preceded by months of starvation blockade), all the Netherlands Government could do was to issue a protest. They were promptly told to mind their own business and accused into the bargain of having instigated the risings in the Moluccas. Later, when in March this year, the Netherlands High Commissioner protested against the increasing murder of Dutchmen and pillaging of Dutch property and requested that special measures might be taken to put an end to this, both protest and request were rudely rejected, the blame for the continuing state of disorder, murder and pillage again being laid at the Netherlands' door. In their reply, however, the Indonesian Government stated that since their troops were dispersed all over the archipelago trying to keep order, they were unable to restore order on Java—thereby inadvertently confirming the view of their incapacity in this respect, constantly voiced in recent years by those who were alive to realities in Indonesia.

The Netherlands position with regard to New Guinea is also a precarious one, for now the Republic holds sovereign power over all the rest of the archipelago, it can, if it chooses, make things impossible for the Dutch. When the question of New Guinea came up for negotiation at the end of 1950, the Indonesian Government sent a 'propaganda committee' to the Netherlands, one of whose leading members, Moh. Yamin, uttered on arrival the not so very veiled threat that, unless the Dutch handed over the sovereignty of New Guinea by December 27, his Government could not guarantee the safety of Dutch interests in Indonesia, *since the people would take matters into their own hands*. It was not surprising that the negotia-

* A device, promulgated by emergency law, for liquidating the federal United States of Indonesia and bringing the whole archipelago under the domination of the revolutionary republic.

tions failed. After the Netherlands Government's refusal to hand over sovereignty in New Guinea, there was, however, a suggestion that this attitude might be reconsidered and sovereignty transferred to the shadowy Netherlands-Indonesian Union. It was this which precipitated the Dutch Cabinet crisis.

Since then there has been a Cabinet crisis in Indonesia as well, which, after lasting for over five weeks, resulted in the replacement of the fairly moderate Natsir Cabinet by a government of the 'old guard', likely to adopt the extreme nationalist attitude favoured by President Soekarno. This new Cabinet's programme includes revision of the special relationship with the Netherlands (which will probably mean the disappearance of the Netherlands-Indonesian Union) and the "earliest possible inclusion of West Irian (Dutch New Guinea) in the territory of the Indonesian State."

There was a moment earlier this year when it seemed that a more realistic attitude might win the day. In April the Indonesian economic journal, *Dewan Ekonomi*, considering the possible withdrawal of Dutch capital, declared as its view that, if Indonesia could not supply the necessary new capital itself, it would have to seek it from other countries which would doubtlessly impose harder conditions than the Dutch had done. And at a press conference, Mr. Sjafruddin, the Minister of Finance—the sort of man who is obliged to deal with realities—declared that Indonesia depended upon foreign investments to come through the present period of transition, asking: "But where shall we get them from? America? And what will then become of our independence?" Further, he expressed the view that a country can only be independent, if it is economically independent, and blamed, not the Dutch, but the persistence of a state of insecurity and disorder, go-slow action, strikes and industrial unrest for the failures of production output in the first year of independence. Such admissions seemed very strange coming from a member of the Indonesian Government, but they sounded a hopeful note, suggesting that extreme nationalism—so outmoded in the present-day world—was at last giving way to a more practical and reasonable attitude. But in the newly-formed Indonesian Cabinet Mr. Sjafruddin and other young realists have been dropped, and this will certainly not have been without significance.

Meanwhile the attitude of the Netherlands Government regarding New Guinea, as formulated in the new Cabinet's announcement to the nation, is 'wait and see'. This is precisely the attitude one has learnt to expect from any post-war Netherlands Government. Just what they are going to see, however, is a matter of some conjecture.

WHAT NEXT IN PORTUGAL ?

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

THE death on April 18, 1951, of Marshal Carmona, President of Portugal since the advent of the régime now known as the "New State"—for which he was largely responsible—in 1926, confronts Dr. Salazar with his biggest problem and the Portuguese nation with its biggest interrogation mark for a quarter of a century. For exactly a hundred years, ever since Dom Pedro's Constitutional Charter of 1826, Portugal had fought a gallant but losing battle to acclimatize on her soil the British variety of parliamentary government. The handicap was not merely the inexperience inseparable from a tradition of centuries of absolute monarchy. A temperamental incapacity for constructive collective action, that "apathetic physiognomy of the nation" of which Oliveira Martins wrote in 1881, weighed even more heavily on its destinies; and with the fall of the monarchy in 1910 the country became, over the 16 years of the Republic, a byword throughout western Europe for political instability and financial chaos. An average of one revolution and more than three governments per year gave the measure of the former; the collapse of the escudo from 5½ to the £ in 1914 to 157 in 1924 was sufficiently eloquent of the latter.

These were the twin problems, of political order and financial order, the "New State" came to solve. Carmona, the soldier, applied himself to the first, suppressing parliament and the political parties and instituting a paternalist rule with the army discreetly but effectively in the background as guarantee against further upheavals. Dr. Salazar, the economist, he called in to cope with the second, and the financial nightmare gave way to solvency as the nation was taught the painful but salutary lesson that its coat thereafter was to be cut strictly according to its cloth. Dr. Salazar's insistence, as Finance Minister from 1928, that no spending Department should ever exceed its appropriation made him in effect the controller of policy, and his elevation to the Premiership in 1932 was inevitable. Since then the world has grown accustomed to hear and speak of the Portugal of Salazar, and to regard Carmona as a merely titular and ornamental figurehead. In reality he was much more: his importance to the régime may best be gauged by his importance to Salazar.

Carmona, having assumed the Presidency by decree in 1926, was

confirmed in that office by a national plebiscite two years later, while the country still had no constitutional framework. The term of election was five years, terminating therefore in 1933. Dr. Salazar on his appointment as Premier had addressed himself to the now urgent task of providing that framework ; but between the promulgation of his Constitution in 1933 and the formal implementing of the " New State " it envisaged with the creation of a National Assembly and a Corporative Chamber some two years elapsed, years during which it was of vital importance that there should be no change in the higher direction of the nation's affairs. In 1933, therefore, instead of a new presidential election, the five-year term was altered by decree, afterwards approved by plebiscite, to one of seven, and this somewhat arbitrary figure was enshrined in the text of the Constitution.

The office of President, or " Head of the State ", is there defined as the first of four organs of national sovereignty, the other three being the National Assembly, the Government, and the Tribunals of Justice. The President represents the nation, and directs the foreign policy of the State. He presides at opening sessions of the National Assembly, is authorized to postpone its sittings or to dissolve it, and may entrust it with constituent powers. He is not answerable in any way to the Assembly, but only to the nation, which elected him. No provision is made, however, whereby the nation may depose him (absence abroad not sanctioned by Assembly and Government, resignation, permanent physical incapacitation, and death are the only contingencies recognized), and even for crimes at common law he may only be proceeded against after his term of office is completed. But what makes him effectively Head of the State is the fact that he appoints, and dismisses, not Ministers alone (these on the recommendation of the Premier), but the Premier himself. He is, therefore, the linchpin of the whole structure.

It is from this angle that the achievement must be viewed of a stability unparalleled in Europe over the past momentous 25 years. The Portuguese have an engaging phrase, *para inglês ver* (" to impress the Englishman "), to describe reforms that become a dead-letter the moment they reach the statute-book. The intention is never mere legislative dust-throwing ; it fails of effect for lack of continuity of effort. And from the beginning the " New State ", realizing how slow a process is the regeneration of a nation, has made of continuity its watchword. Without continuity its every achievement was threatened. Continuity therefore there must be whatever the cost, and continuity first and foremost at the very top. The Constitution does not state that the President is eligible for re-election. The provision that criminal charges may only be preferred against him after he has demitted office becomes indeed meaningless unless a term

be set to his tenure. But as the completion of the first seven-year period approached in 1935 Dr. Salazar made it abundantly clear that no change was contemplated. In a speech a few days before the election he stressed first the reality of the President's attributes : " The Constitution has replaced a decorative and inert President by a true Head of the State, actively guiding the nation and responsible for its destinies. There has been no hesitation in entrusting to him full powers with all the guarantees necessary to allow the affirmation at all times that it is he who orders, with complete independence, the life of the State and lays down its main directives." He then paid tribute in glowing terms to Carmona and announced that at the Government's request the General had consented, in spite of his 65 years, his failing health and his desire to lay down the heavy burden of office, to offer himself again as a candidate.

The result was foregone. While any 200 electors—citizens over 21 years of age, either literate (women voters must have received a secondary education) or paying at least 100 escudos a year in taxation—may submit a candidate for the Presidency, the command by the Government nominee of all the electoral machinery of its party, the National Union, would in any case have discouraged opposition ; and Carmona entered with a striking renewal of vigour on responsibilities that were soon to be heavier than ever. Within little over a year the Spanish Civil War threatened to rock the régime to its foundations, and a " Portuguese Legion " was formed—it is still active to-day—to organize " the moral resistance of the nation." In 1938 the President gave a new reality to the significance for Portugal of her continuing possession of the fourth largest empire in the world by undertaking a prolonged tour of her Atlantic and West African possessions ; it was the first visit ever paid by a head of the State to any part of the empire. A second journey in 1939 to Portuguese East Africa allowed also of the first State visit ever paid by the head of any European nation to the Union of South Africa.

Before it was completed a new world war had broken out, and Carmona, now close on 70, was relied on as never before by Dr. Salazar and the nation to steer a course through waters more dangerous by far than the ship of State had yet encountered. In 1942, his second term at an end, the President insisted that he was no longer equal to the task. Once more Dr. Salazar insisted that now, more than ever, a change at the helm was inconceivable ; and once more Carmona accepted what was now widely recognized to be a crushing personal sacrifice. Again there was no opposition candidate. In an eve-of-the-poll broadcast Salazar voiced his satisfaction that " in a world at war the great problem of the future of the régime was resolved by the decision of the Chief of State." Those nations were happy, he added, which at critical moments were freed from irritating debates

and divisions and from the need to make a choice. A poll of over 90 per cent. of the electorate was claimed as proof that the nation was in substantial agreement.

Seven years later the position was no longer the same. The end of the war had removed the compelling reason for discountenancing change ; a war fought and won in the name of democratic freedoms strongly impelled, even in Portugal, to the fuller exercise of political rights ; and Carmona was another seven years older. Dr. Salazar was constrained to accept some measure of opposition activity, if only as a gesture of confidence in the popular support his " New State " commanded ; and in the autumn of 1948 a democratic candidate was duly nominated for the election to be held in the following February. He was General Norton de Matos, a stalwart of the old régime, who had been Minister for War when in 1916 Portugal joined the Allies in the struggle against Germany, and had also served as ambassador to London. The choice was admirably calculated to polarize discontents within a régime felt by many, in spite of its notable record in the economic sphere, to be well to the right of current political realities. A measure of the concern felt in Government circles was seen in the delay of months before the Supreme Tribunal of Justice finally declared his candidature to be valid. Had the Tribunal been more fully informed, Dr. Salazar declared later, it might well have decided otherwise, for Norton de Matos soon revealed his intention, if elected, of uprooting the " New State " root and branch and returning to the political principles of the Republic of 1910-1926. It became known, moreover, that he had accepted support from Communist elements in return for a promise to grant these, on victory, freedom of organization and propaganda.

It was at once clear, therefore, that a gage had been thrown down. What the election was to decide was no longer the person of the Chief of State but the survival or destruction of the régime ; and Dr. Salazar began to have second thoughts about his own Constitution. " To my mind," he said, " it is no small evil that nations should have to choose their Heads of State." There could be no question of staking so momentous a throw of the dice on a new and untried figure, and yet once again Carmona was prevailed on to step into the breach, a veteran of 79. The Government campaign was waged with all the resources at its command. Dr. Salazar himself launched it in Oporto with one of the greatest speeches of his career, and Carmona later was accorded in that same city perhaps the most tumultuous ovation of his. Norton de Matos too had his ovations, and the reaction to a speech of his, also in Oporto, attacking Dr. Salazar underlined one of the abiding, if normally unobtrusive, realities of the " New State ". An Army deputation, consisting of the Military

Governor of Lisbon, 500 officers of the Lisbon garrison, and the commanders of three of the military regions, called on the Minister of War to express its apprehension at the public excitement which was being stirred up in the country : " As watchful sentinels of security, tranquillity and the good of the nation, we shall never forget our inflexible duty to be always on the alert." The Minister hinted at possible action against the opposition. On the day before the poll Norton de Matos withdrew, alleging failure by the Government to give adequate guarantees regarding the conduct of the election. In particular he had appealed repeatedly, and in vain, for the right to consult the electoral registers, without which it was impossible for the opposition to make effective distribution of their voting papers. According to the official returns, 4,789 votes were cast for him none the less, against 941,863 for Carmona.

Whatever the unfairness of the contest, there could be no questioning the popular verdict. But uncomfortable issues had been raised notwithstanding. And now Carmona is dead, and they are raised again. Carmona was the bulwark of quiet strength in the background ; it was rare good fortune for the " New State " that he lived as long as he did, each passing year steadily enhancing those qualities of " intelligence, prestige, tact, moral integrity, rectitude, and a kindliness that did not preclude a sober, discreet energy " to which Dr. Salazar paid tribute nearly 20 years ago. But it is Dr. Salazar who for those same two decades and more has borne the heat and burden of the day, and at 62 the years are telling on him too, son of a nonagenarian though he be. Each successive re-election of Carmona was but the staving-off of the one problem to which the Constitution does not provide an answer, the problem of continuity, the Achilles heel of every non-representative régime. If it be not solved now, all that has been won for Portugal may conceivably yet be lost. And it cannot be solved merely on the expectation of longevity of any one individual well-affected to the régime. The real testing-time for authoritarian régimes comes with the second generation. Those of Mussolini, Primo de Rivera and Hitler did not survive long enough to provide any guidance. Dr. Salazar must find the answer for himself and now.

By the Constitution the Premier assumes the presidential functions pending election of a new President, which must take place within sixty days of the vacancy's arising. Since, as already noted, a new President can dismiss the Premier, the temptation is doubtless strong on Dr. Salazar, a man void of personal ambition, his one passion the well-being of his country, to accept the mantle himself and appoint as Premier one of his trusty lieutenants in the Government. Here too, in obedience to a conception of government as tending more and more to become a scientific or technical function, continuity has been

exalted high among the virtues. But if it was Carmona who guaranteed the continuity of the régime, it was Dr. Salazar who defined its objectives and guided the nation steadily towards them. The achievements of the past 25 years would have been very different had the rôles of the two men been reversed, and a translation now to the Presidency might well prove to be a misapplication of particular talents which in the day-to-day conduct of affairs have amounted to genius. Nor would it give that certainty, beyond Dr. Salazar's own span of life, or of office, which is now become so urgently desirable.

The one obvious principle of continuity derives from still earlier Portuguese experience, and as such was explicitly rejected by the Constitution. Article 74 of this reads : " Relatives of the kings of Portugal to the sixth degree are ineligible for the Presidency." Earlier, within a few days of his appointment as Premier in 1932, Dr. Salazar had explained why : " It is as well not to leave men chained to corpses." To this the monarchists, whom he recognized as still then having a very considerable following, have their answer. " Monarchists and non-monarchists," as their organ *A Voz* has written, " friends of the New State, are in the most perfect accord in upholding and praising this. It is on the question of continuity that they diverge. Carmona and Salazar cannot, unfortunately, last for ever . . . Formerly we wished to destroy and annihilate in order to replace ; to-day we wish to replace in order to continue and secure."

It may be that time in its whirligigs is now causing the two points of view to converge. Revision of the Constitution by the National Assembly is provided for every ten years, and when Carmona died the Assembly was in fact engaged in that very task, its specific subject of debate being the proposal by Dr. Salazar himself that Article 74 be abrogated and descendants of the Portuguese royal house be declared eligible once more for the highest office in the State. This causes a new interest to attach to the figure of the present Pretender, Dom Duarte Nuno, Duke of Braganza. Born in Austria in 1907 into the " legitimist " line descended from that absolutist Dom Miguel whom the Quadruple Alliance drove into exile in 1834, Dom Duarte was accepted equally by the " constitutionalists " on the extinction of their line with the death in 1932 of Manuel II, the last king of Portugal, 22 years after he too had been driven into exile. Dom Duarte, who has always considered Portuguese his native language and claimed Portuguese citizenship, though he has never lived in Portugal, professes the fullest support for Dr. Salazar, seeing in him the saviour of his country. In 1942 he married Maria Francisca de Orléans e Bragança, Princess of the Brazilian imperial family and hence a descendant, like the wife of the Comte de Paris, Pretender to the throne of France, of the " constitutionalist " line. The election of Dom Duarte as Chief of State could easily lead

to a hereditary Presidency, advised as at present by a Council of State half of whose ten members are *ex-officio* representatives of organs of the "New State", among them, needless to say, the Premier. Little beyond verbal changes would be required elsewhere in the Constitution.

Dr. Salazar has been much maligned abroad for the allegedly reactionary tendencies of the present régime. It would be truer to see in him a profound political realist who, with a perfect understanding of the nature of the human material with which he has to deal, has ample reason to appreciate the inevitability of gradualness in any approach to those fuller liberties, resting on a fuller sense of personal and collective responsibilities, which he so much admires and envies in the British political tradition. "There are no eternal régimes," to quote from one of his recent speeches, "but there are stable and unstable régimes. There are no perfect régimes, but there are those that render service and those that render dis-service to the nation. There are no universal régimes, but there are those that take into account and those that ignore particular circumstances and the universal character of the human factor." If meantime the only alternative open to the Portuguese people is a return to the experience of the years 1910 to 1926, an overwhelming preponderance of popular support can safely be predicted for any viable solution Dr. Salazar may now discover to the constitutional dilemma posed by Marshal Carmona's death.

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THE ORIGINS OF MODERN FRANCE

BY DAVID THOMSON

THE whole development of modern France, during the last century and a half, has been shaped by what happened between 1789 and 1815. From that formative generation derive the political traditions and institutions, the social and economic structure, the legends and myths, which have dominated the life and thought of modern France. Until 1870, indeed, they dominated France so much that she re-enacted, in correct time-sequence, the main phases of those years. The constitutional monarchy of the restored Bourbons and of Louis Philippe followed the pattern of the constitutional monarchy of Louis XVI between 1789 and 1792 ; the Second Republic of 1848 revived the myths of the First Republic of 1793 ; the Presidential régime of Louis Napoleon in 1851 awakened memories of his uncle's Consulate of half a century before ; and the Second Empire, like the First, moved from a phase of regimented dictatorship to a final flicker of ' Liberal Empire ', recalling the ' Hundred Days '. Within a single century France experimented twice with precisely the same cycle of monarchies, republics and Bonapartist empires. And in 1875 the Third Republic emerged triumphant mainly because its opponents had failed, in turn, to create a third monarchy or a third empire.

Since 1875 the peculiar traditions and habits of the Third Republic, deeply rooted in French life by 70 years of *gouvernement d'assemblée*, have so strongly superimposed themselves upon these older traditions that even the Fourth Republic, inaugurated by a formal repudiation, on popular vote, of any mere reversion to the Third in 1945, has edged nearer and nearer to the pattern of the Third. It has been suggested that " The Fourth Republic is already dead : it has given way to the Third." But even this modern Republican tradition of the last two generations contains within itself potent elements of the older Republican tradition which dates from 1792 ; and it is a shrewd instinct which drives French historians ever back to a concern with that crucial generation which experienced the great Revolution and the first Napoleon. Year by year historians work over yet again the vast archives of that period, push forward their researches into local and specialized corners of that story, re-assess and reinterpret its events and personalities, and produce additions to the already vast

accumulation of writings about its epic themes. In recent times the fashion, as in other branches of historical study, has been to examine the economic and social developments of the period, rather than its more familiar political and constitutional aspects. M. Daniel Guérin, for example, has written of *La Lutte de Classes sous la Première République* between 1793 and 1797, and has added greatly to our understanding of the economic impulses and social conflicts which underlay the political events. The ever-increasing mass of writing calls, in turn, for a constant effort of synthesis and re-focussing if modern learning about these important events is to become available to even the serious student of history, quite apart from the general reader.

One such effort of synthesis, massive in size and yet so well organized and so lucid in presentation as to be manageable by any serious student, has recently appeared from the *Presses Universitaires de France*. It is a detailed examination of *Les Institutions de la France sous la Révolution et l'Empire*,* by Professor Jacques Godechot of the *Institut d'Etudes politiques* of Toulouse. The 'institutions' examined comprise not only the formal constitutions, the assemblies, the judicial and administrative organizations, but also such economic institutions as peasant proprietorship, currency and the structure of industry, and such social institutions as the family, the schools, and the press. After an introductory survey of the situation in 1789, Professor Godechot examines this complex of institutions in four main phases: under the constitutional monarchy which ended in 1792; under the revolutionary government of 1793-1794; under the *bourgeois* republic of 1795-1797; and under the military dictatorship of Napoleon during the Consulate and Empire. His concern, then, is with the panorama of change during the crucial generation. His purpose, in which he admirably succeeds, is to show the inter-relation between constitutional, political, economic and social changes. Herein lies the special merit and value of his work for the student of modern France.

On the revolutionary situation in 1789, and the ferment of ideals which produced the Declaration of the Rights of Man, Professor Godechot adds little to the picture already given by such writers as M. Lefebvre in *The Coming of the French Revolution*, by M. Mornet in *Les Origines Intellectuelles de la Révolution*, or M. Sagnac in his excellent study of *La formation de la Société française moderne*. But he usefully and simply synthesizes the conclusions of these studies, and this is his method throughout. At first the middle classes saw the king as a protection against the claims of the nobility, which was indeed his traditional rôle. They looked to freedom of the press and of public opinion, and to the development of education, to modify

* *Presses Universitaires de France*. Frs. 1,800.

royal absolutism, but they did not want to destroy strong monarchical power. The ultimate guarantee of freedom was private property, and property-rights were ranked very high among those natural and imprescriptible rights of man which the original revolutionaries hoped to use as a limitation upon all political power. Closely linked with their political concept of liberty was the liberal concept of a free economy. It is in demonstrating these links that Professor Godechot is particularly valuable.

The Declaration of Rights presupposed, as he shows, that all citizens own property. Part of the National Assembly's attack on feudalism was an attack on notions and institutions of property communally held, and the substitution of private property-rights. Enclosure became the symbol of proprietorship, and as the Law of September 28, 1791, put it: "*Le droit de clore et de déclore ses héritages résulte essentiellement du droit de propriété et ne peut être contesté à aucun propriétaire.*" Even family interests, still more the general interests of society, were subordinated to individual property-rights, and extreme individualism was the most striking feature of the economic policies of the revolutionaries before 1792. Similarly, freedom of enterprise and of trade internally were parts of their aims. But freedom of trade internationally, towards which the *ancien régime* had moved tentatively in the treaty with England of 1786, was not their aim. French middle-class liberalism was not doctrinaire, and ended abruptly when it did not serve middle-class material interests. Protectionism was maintained and even increased, and republicanism in France has never ceased to be basically hostile to free trade.

The Revolution passed through a phase when these trends were checked, and temporarily reversed. It was the phase of Robespierre's dictatorship and the Reign of Terror. Robespierre himself, by ideological inclination as well as by expediency, seems to have favoured a less individualistic view of property. He defined it as "the right which each individual has of enjoying and disposing of that portion of wealth which is guaranteed him by the law." But the law could decide; and "this right is limited, like all others, by the duty to respect the rights of others." It ceased to be sacred and inviolable, and became a matter of social utility. He spoke of the "right to work" and the "right of public assistance", rather than of the imprescriptible rights of those who have to hold. At the same time the exigencies of wartime economy, combined with revolution, called for a new degree of regulation and State interference in economic life. The still-born Constitution of 1793 showed a reaction against economic liberalism, as well as against political liberalism. Postulating a virtually Benthamite aim for the State in promotion of "*le bonheur commun*", it implied frequent State intervention to

promote the common welfare by social reforms. The right to work, the right to public assistance, and to public education, are all involved. The Convention's laws regulating prices, attacking monopolies, and establishing municipal bakeries, all have a precociously socialistic ring about them. If it did not, because of its adherence to *laissez-faire* principles, go so far as to institute rationing in time of extreme scarcity, separate municipalities did. The modern connection between the warfare State and the welfare State begins in 1793.

But the experiments in a controlled economy and in State intervention were both short-lived and half-hearted. The Convention might almost nationalize transport and directly control some war industries ; at the same time, by its methods of disposing of the public lands sequestered from the *émigrés* and the Church, it multiplied the number of small landed proprietors and gave every advantage to the richer peasants to acquire the small allotments of their poorer neighbours. By the autumn of 1794 the Laws of the Maximum, controlling prices, were virtually unobserved and by the end of the year were repealed. The Thermidorian reaction brought a complete return to a free economy, accompanied inevitably by inflation and acute social distress. It did not, however, lead to free trade, and commerce remained subject to the tariffs of 1791, as well as to the even severer restrictions of the English blockade. The centralized dictatorship of Napoleon, subjected throughout most of its existence to the exigencies of war, and by nature disposed towards *dirigisme*, reversed the tendency once more. Industry was powerfully influenced by taxes, subsidies and direct controls, and foreign trade was utterly controlled. But even now agriculture remained remarkably free from State interference, other than protective tariffs which it welcomed. And controlled economy became so identified with controlled polity that it bred, after 1815, a strong reaction to liberalism and *laissez-faire*.

In these ways, as the detailed surveys of Professor Godechot abundantly prove, the zig-zags of French politics in these years had their close counterpart in fluctuating economic tendencies. In one, as in the other, there was a certain inherent bias towards liberal individualism, interrupted by periods of contrary bias towards collectivism. The final pattern of French development is that of a parallelogram of forces, and the direction ultimately taken by the course of French history is the product of divergent pulls in different directions. The heritage of the crucial generation is a national spirit and a republican tradition which are in one aspect anarchical, in another tyrannical. But anarchy and tyranny are not opposites ; they are mutually generating. It is democracy which is the opposite of both. And in France republican democracy has been the product of the divergent pulls of anarchy in one direction and of despotism

in the other. The same parallelogram of forces produced the interludes of the constitutional monarchy from 1789-1792 and of the July monarchy of Louis Philippe ; for they were attempts to reconcile the anarchical and individualistic ideals of the revolutionaries with the traditional national institutions of monarchy. But both failed. The same parallelogram of forces produced the belated experiments of the ' Hundred Days ' and the ' Liberal Empire ' ; for they were attempts to harmonize Bonapartist despotism with the ineradicable liberal individualism of France. They, in turn, both failed.

From the rapid series of experiments with different varieties of republican government after 1870 there emerged a new recipe for reconciling these forces. The ' Conservative Republic ' of M. Thiers gave way to the ' Republic of the Dukes ' under Marshal Macmahon ; and that, in turn, to the ' Republic of the Republicans ' under Jules Grévy and Léon Gambetta. This Republic, which became the Third and survived for nearly as long as all these previous experiments put together, rested on a system of parliamentary sovereignty. But it was quite unlike the British system of parliamentary government, which means cabinet government. It meant *gouvernement d'assemblée* with the cabinet for ever at the mercy of the representative assembly. The sovereignty of Senate and Chamber of Deputies could be tolerated, because they could be reconstituted every few years by electoral vote ; meanwhile, their function was to keep government ' democratic ' by keeping it weak. This governmental weakness, symbolized by a system of infinitely collapsible cabinets, could in turn be tolerated only because the public administration, inherited not intact but with much of its centralized power and discipline unimpaired from the despotism of the first Napoleon, provided a permanent framework of strong government. In this way the new republican recipe took ingredients from all phases of the period described by Professor Godechot, and blended them together into a remarkably durable and adaptable political system. It is a recipe to which the Fourth Republic increasingly resorts, even to the extent of endeavours to restore the electoral system of single-member constituencies and the second ballot, which have so far failed.

If the political traditions and institutions derive by this circuitous route from that formative generation, so too does the social and economic structure of modern France. The distinction between economic liberalism internally and hostility to free trade externally has remained constant. French agriculturalists wanting to keep food prices up and French manufacturers fearing foreign competition have equally demanded protection. Both, distrusting State regulation and interference, have favoured a free economy at home. The land which the Revolution distributed amongst the peasant proprietors has remained in their hands ; and Gambetta's success in converting

the peasants from bonapartism to republicanism after 1873 depended on his teaching them that they owed their land not, as legend had begun to suggest, to the great Napoleon, but to the First Republic which he had overthrown. Although the industrial revolution went far in France after 1870, it has never gone as far as in other major western countries, and has never destroyed the affection of the French for the small firm, the medium-sized factory and the little shop. In economic life, as in political, a certain balance remains between agriculture and industry, between a free economy and *dirigisme*, between the nationalized monopoly and the little man. The tension results in a balance, and the balance in a certain freedom.

So, too, the legends and myths of the heroic generation have never died. If the Third and Fourth Republics have been parliamentary systems it is because of the vigorous tradition of free debate and representative institutions which was born after 1789. It had not existed before. The Republicans of 1848 re-enacted the heroics of 1792, just as the Paris Commune of 1871 revived echoes of 1793. To hungry and discontented men throughout the last century the cry has been : " Bread and the Constitution of 1793 "—the ultra-democratic paper Constitution, which never came to life at all. Modern Communists find links with the Babeuf Plot of 1796, and claim to be the only authentic Jacobins. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that France lives so much on her past that she lives too much in the past ; that old battles go on being re-fought when energy would be more profitably spent on solving new issues more relevant to her future ; that overmuch concern for historical continuity becomes a national burden, hampering fresh thought and breeding fatalism. But such being the tendency, it is necessary for all who would understand France to-day to understand her past.

For this purpose, Professor Godechot's book could scarcely be bettered. It includes excellent bibliographies, except that they show the usual French neglect of much that has been written about the subject, of high quality, in Britain and in the United States. It includes a few admirable maps, and a well contrived index. It is, perhaps, more penetrating on the Revolution than on the Empire of Napoleon. But it is likely to become an indispensable manual, a reference-work of high calibre, for those who seek to understand the heroic age from which so much that is creative, momentous and sensational in modern France has derived.

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MAJORCA REVISITED

BY E. ALLISON PEERS

SAVE for one short week-end in March 1950 I had not been to Majorca for 26 years when I flew over from Barcelona to Palma last Easter ; it was in 1925 that I had spent some seven weeks there, collecting documentation and background material for a biography of the thirteenth-century Majorcan mystic, Ramón Lull, and incidentally learning a great deal about the island and the people. That visit had been in the second year of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship. Since then Spain had had a republic, several revolutions, a civil war and, for the second time, the experience of being neutral in a world war ; and the " new " régime of General Franco was now 12 years old. Many changes had taken place during that time, both in the world in general and in Spain ; to what extent would they have affected that peaceful spot in the Mediterranean which many years ago a well known Catalan writer named the Isle of Calm ?

One thing became clear from the outset ; the island was experiencing quite a new prosperity. Houses and blocks of flats are going up in Palma at a rate that probably few other towns can equal—and as Majorca lost nothing by bombings they are all net gains. Agricultural development and improved irrigation have turned what was already a fertile island into one large garden. Driving from Palma to Pollensa, or standing on the terrace in front of the recently opened caves near Campanet, one can hardly see a square yard of ground not under cultivation : on either hand, reaching out to the horizon, orchards of almonds and figs, peaches, oranges and lemons ; olive-groves and vineyards ; fields thick with wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, beans—there must be enough beans to feed the whole of Spain, let alone Majorca—and, in the distance, more terraces of olives cover the very slopes of the mountains. The streets of the villages are clean ; the houses, though often poorly and scantily furnished, are clean too. The people, especially the children, are brown and healthy.

The tourist traffic, this winter and spring, has been enormous. The population of the capital, now 130,000, or nearly double its 1925 figure, has been temporarily increased, so the papers say, by 60,000. That figure may well be an exaggeration, but in a walk along the Borne (renamed, of course, the Paseo del Generalísimo Franco) one

seems to hear more English and French than Castilian and Majorcan, and the Terreno hotels are packed to capacity with foreign visitors.

To those who knew and loved it as an old-world city, Palma is irretrievably ruined. Ugly buildings of from six to ten storeys are appearing in all directions, too many of them badly constructed and cheaply though showily furnished. In one of them, a newly-opened hotel, the plumbing was already proving inadequate, the wardrobe fell forward when one unlocked it, the wash-basin creaked when one leaned on it and the whitewashed walls left traces on everything that touched them. For a resort making a fortune out of tourists, the amenities which all good tourists expect are sadly deficient. As Majorca grows better known, more and more people will go to the smaller resorts, and with reason.

Not that these are all what they were. Sóller, whose church, never beautiful, has grown a perfectly dreadful new façade, seems to be trying to ape Palma. Pollensa Port, the charm of which lay in its primitiveness, now has curio shops, offering (in three languages) flashy wares at high prices, and a row of hotels and bars painted a gleaming white, each with its verandah, and each emitting a different radio programme at the same time with disastrous effect. But the worst of all is Valldemosa, formerly an unspoiled little town, charmingly situated, with a disused Carthusian monastery which early in the last century was the temporary home of Chopin and George Sand. In the old days one wandered about this at will ; the guide-book said "gratuity advisable", but a cigarette and a few minutes' chat would go down equally well. To-day lines of motor-coaches queue up at the monastery gates, to disgorge their occupants, who are marshalled round church, cloister and cells, to the accompaniment of a quick-fire commentary in indifferent French, with a high-pitched "English resume" for those who desire it. Stalls display picture-postcards, guide-books and "presents from Valldemosa". Village girls in costume dance in an improvised theatre, after posing at the entrance to be photographed and appropriately rewarded ; and at long last the hordes re-enter their coaches without so much as having glanced at the village or the view.

Such is the debit side of the account. But fortunately there are many places, even in the most frequented part of the island, still quite unspoiled. One of them, only some 20 miles from Palma, is Mount Randa. As a prelude to visiting it, one should walk round the bay and view it from the terraces of the Terreno. On the opposite shore there is a long level stretch of low hills which runs down to the island's southernmost tip. Mount Randa, with two low peaks, most strikingly breaks the monotony of that stretch. Some describe it as a saddle ; to the eyes of others, it resembles a lion stretched at full length, but few who have seen it will lose the impression of its stern-

ness and austerity.

It was to this mountain that Ramón Lull went after his conversion in order to meditate upon, and seek inspiration for, his life-work of converting heathen by argument and disputation. He must have had a genius for atmosphere, for this country south-east of Palma has none of the lusciousness of the north-west, but a bareness which lends itself to introspection and a grandeur which stimulates vision. As one climbs the narrow, stone-strewn path which leads to the summit, the prospect becomes ever ampler, till on the uppermost terrace, which forms the forecourt to a simple Franciscan friary, the views merge into a panorama. Stretching below and around is a vast dark plain, its uniformity relieved by the lighter green of orchards and groves and by clusters of brown and white houses. On three sides stretches the sea ; on the fourth, the rocky western sierra. It is a fascinating, sometimes a fantastic sight, for the colours change with the face of the sky and the hour of the day, till the evening mists, as they slowly descend, lend an ethereal aspect to the villages before night comes to blot them out altogether.

But the supreme spell which Randa casts is one of solitude. The Friars, it is true, have built a hostelry where both pilgrims and other visitors may stay ; but, except in summer, when the oppressive heat drives them up from the sweltering plain, few do so. And thus one may walk out to the cave in which, as tradition has it, Ramón lived, or along the ledge that leads to the sanctuary of Gracia, overhung by rocks hundreds of feet high, and discern no sign of life but glossy black mountain goats and an occasional eagle.

The same cannot be said of Miramar, an estate cultivated for many years by an Austrian archduke, on the north-western coast, not far from that artist's paradise, Deyá, on a site which Ramón Lull, again with a great feeling for atmosphere, chose for the college founded by him in 1276 for the training of missionary friars in the languages of the infidels and in his own particular methods of converting them. But, though the charabancs hurrying from Valldemosa to Sóller often halt on the highroad above the estate, they never stay there for long, and one can walk down through the silver-grey olive groves, beneath the overhanging pines, to the very brink of a sea so softly blue and so utterly still that it hardly seems real. For hours it is possible to wander down there alone ; only on climbing up to the high road does one espy the world again. But the hour at which Miramar comes into its own is at the end of the day, when a perfect sunset spreads gloriously over the entire expanse of the sea until it glows with subdued fire.

Randa and Miramar are to all intents unpeopled, for the village at Randa lies far below the friary and Miramar has no village at all—only a few houses. But there are plenty of unspoiled villages, too,

some attainable by motor-buses, some only by footpaths. Without leaving the north-western slice of the island which alone is visited by tourists in numbers, two villages, Estallenchs and Bañalbúfar, vie with Deyá for beauty of situation. Inland, Puigpuñent and Esporlas have beauty of a different kind. In the more northerly part of the sierra, Biniaratx and Fornalutx are magnificently set in the hills through which runs the first section of the mountain path leading from Sóller to Lluch. But these preferences are only personal; everyone who walks about the island and talks to the people will make his own discoveries. The welcome discovery I made myself in the spring was that, despite the sophistication of Palma, Sóller and Valldemosa, there are still many left to make.

Behind most of these preferences, one finds, lie pleasant stories of experiences with the people. One's feelings about a mountain village or a hamlet by the sea can be wonderfully illumined by the little kindnesses and tokens of welcome for which the Majorcan countryfolk are famous. Hospitality is second nature to them, and they will invite you into a cottage with the dignity of a king offering his castle. Except in the tourist centres, they would scorn to make more profit out of the foreigner than out of one of their own countrymen. More even than most Spaniards, they are peculiarly sensitive to any interest a foreigner may take in their own language, though it must be remembered that that language is not Castilian, which is spoken mainly in the towns, but the somewhat elusive Majorcan dialect of Catalan.

It must be acknowledged that the Majorcans—outside Palma, at least—are not a progressive people, and their innate conservatism has only been intensified by occasional attempts to suppress it. Nowhere in Spain, except in the other Balearic Islands, are the people more aloof from happenings of the day. Their ambitions, economic rather than political, can be summed up in a phrase current all over Spain a century ago: "Peace and pesetas."

They have little of Catalonia's nationalistic consciousness, and so on the one hand, they sat loosely to Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, and, on the other, they had no desire, when the Second Republic came, to vote themselves into Catalonia's statute of autonomy. Notwithstanding similarities of language, and affinities of custom, they preferred being governed from Madrid to becoming the most backward, and probably the least considered, part of the autonomous region centred in Barcelona; much the same attitude was taken, four years later, to the Basque autonomy statute, by the Navarrans living under the shadow, or in the seclusion, of the Pyrenees. During the Civil War most Majorcans supported the traditionalist side and became passive spectators of much that, sometimes in an exaggerated form, achieved publicity in the foreign press. Few criticisms of the

present régime are heard there now and, wherever the next revolutionary general strike may occur, it is pretty sure not to be in Majorca.

In no commodity are the Majorcans richer than in time—all shops and office hours, all hours of meetings and entertainments, are approximate, and the *mañana*-habit is much more deeply rooted in them than in most parts of Spain. For organization, even of the most primitive kind, they have little aptitude. Instead of the orderly queue, for example, they favour groups or crowds in a state of ebullition, the degree of which varies with the reason of their assembly. One Sunday afternoon, at a tramway stop in a busy part of Palma, a group of perhaps fifty was waiting for a tramcar, eyed apprehensively by a tall but timid-looking young policeman on point duty. When the car approached, packed both inside and out, even to the step, the group spontaneously divided into two and charged madly for either platform. The policeman blew a furious blast on his whistle—for what purpose was not clear—without the slightest result. Eventually all but a handful wedged themselves in and the lurching, swaying vehicle proceeded on a perilous course down the hill.

“Why don’t you organize queues?” I asked the policeman, whose timorous gaze was now fixed on those left behind and preparing for the next onslaught. “*No es costumbre*”, was all he could say. “We don’t do that here. It’s been tried and failed. The people won’t co-operate.”

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For co-operation, go to Barcelona. On my return there, between the airport and the city centre, I noticed an extraordinary slogan chalked on a fence in letters a foot high. The slogan read: “*Death to the tramway company.*” It sounds Gilbertian—one can imagine what a pretty ballad Gilbert would have made of it. But it was not. It recalled a most remarkable and significant event—a tramway boycott, followed by a two-day general strike—which had taken place in the Catalan capital a few weeks earlier.

The tramway boycott conceived as a protest against fare increases and ended only by the restoration of the original fares, caught popular imagination, and was so complete that vast crowds trudged about the city in pouring rain while the tramcars, compelled by the bye-laws to circulate, remained empty except for the police who had been told off to travel in each for the protection of its conductor and driver. But the general strike which followed was an even more remarkable phenomenon. So perfect was the organization of this that it gave the impression of being entirely spontaneous: “The atmosphere seemed right for a strike”, as one observer put it to me, “so everyone struck.” Had not the strikers been granted reinstatement

without penalization, the stoppage, extended after the first day until, at the end of the second, this concession was secured, might have had scarcely imaginable consequences. Mindful of Barcelona's past record as a political storm centre, the Government, taking no chances, drafted fresh police there from Madrid, whose embarrassment provided onlookers with considerable entertainment whenever strangers, in good faith or not, went up to ask the way.

Spain has always been a country of contrasts, which have been declaring themselves more and more starkly and garishly ever since the introduction of air travel. But I have seldom been more keenly conscious of such contrasts than last spring, when passing, in a flight of less than an hour, from the excited atmosphere of Barcelona to the calm of Majorca, and back again. Soon after the admirable Barcelona-Palma air service was inaugurated, a Majorcan wrote to me that the two cities had now become as close to one another as the *rive gauche* was to the *rive droite* of the Seine. The phrase may appropriately be taken in two senses ; and if, in years to come, Catalonia is granted a new autonomy statute, she may feel that the reluctance to share in it of a now prosperous Majorca with a large and vocal capital city will constitute a more formidable obstacle than it could ever have been during the Second Republic.

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TARAWA ATOLL

By K. WESTCOTT JONES

IT has become an acknowledged fact that modern warfare possesses a credit value in at least the practical teaching of geography. The name of Tarawa would convey precisely nothing to most people had it not been for the "stepping stone" advance on Japan carried out by the United States marines and naval forces during the later stages of the 1939-1945 war. Attention was suddenly focussed upon this remote atoll in mid-Pacific when a concentrated landing by American forces in November 1943 resulted in the bloodiest battle of the Pacific war being fought within the narrowest confines that any high command could reasonably conceive.

Six years after the trade winds had wafted away the smoke and stench of twentieth century combat from the tiny ruined islet, I was fortunately able to make an unexpected visit to the atoll of Tarawa, now the chief administrative and trading base of Britain's Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony. An atoll is a chain of limestone islets standing upon a circular coral reef, usually with a small break permitting entrance to the lagoon, which is, of course, the crater of a submerged volcano. Tarawa is no exception, and possesses some 60 islets forming a horseshoe, the opening facing westwards and the southerly rim almost scraping the equator. The actual islet which featured so prominently in history is called Betio (pronounced Baycio), and occupies the last position on the southerly chain, thus guarding one side of the relatively narrow lagoon entrance. All the trading and business of the colony is conducted on Betio, while its neighbour—Bairiki—less than a mile away, contains the administration. With the exception of eccentric beachcombers, a few nuns, and a scattering of natives, the total population of the atoll was located on these two islets, but a hospital is being erected on the third island in the chain, known as Bonriki, and probably a small medical staff is now in occupation.

Although the European population of Tarawa is considerable compared with many other Pacific trading centres, the isolation and lack of physical communications render it painfully self-contained to a degree not experienced elsewhere, with the possible exception of the Antarctic weather outposts. No regular calls are made by steamers, and no landing facilities exist for aircraft. The atoll can only be

reached by taking an occasional, irregular, and uncomfortable trading schooner from Ocean Island (headquarters of the British Phosphate Commission) nearly four hundred miles away to the south west, or by coming up from Fiji in the glorified launch which the Government despatches at least annually on a two thousand miles survey voyage. Since 1947, an ocean-going tramp steamer has made a call once a year for copra, but this additional transport hardly helps Tarawans, since the steamer's next port is invariably Panama. Incoming travellers do use this steamer, however, and the mailing facilities it affords are definitely appreciated. As the supply of copra increases, there may soon be sufficient inducement for a second steamer to finish off her loading tour at Tarawa within the twelve months.

Viewed from the lagoon, the contrast between Betio and the other islets is almost incredible. Nature could hardly have inflicted such devastation upon one islet only, even with the severest and most localized tornado. Nothing but the handiwork of mankind in his worst destructive mood could possibly account for the ravished desolation of Betio Islet as it appeared two years ago, and will be for a few years yet. Only a mile and a half in length, less than 300 yards wide, and scarcely 30 inches above high water—so small, in fact, that its actual surface area is doubled at low tide—palm trees, bushes, gardens and tropical houses once covered every part of the islet. When the three-day onslaught by a division of marines, supported by bombarding capital ships, flung against 8,000 entrenched Japanese was brought to a successful conclusion, only three stripped palm trunks, pitiful in their gaunt isolation, remained above the ground. Suffice it to say that all the Japanese, with the exception of seven, died in the battle, either by their own hand or that of the victors. American casualties were very heavy, too, and on the day following the capture of Betio there was insufficient space on the island for all the dead to be laid out properly and still allow the survivors with their reinforcements to move about. After as many as possible of the American dead had been removed for reburial in the United States, the only possible action that could be taken with the great mass of Japanese bodies lying under a burning equatorial sun was to bulldoze them into a communal grave along the limestone soil of the emergency airstrip, which had been laid the full length of the tiny islet.

British civilians began to return to the atoll as soon as the main military forces had moved on to Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and the production of copra was recommenced among the unscarred islands, whose tall waving palms offered so remarkable a contrast to bare flattened Betio. The task of reconstruction on this islet was undertaken slowly, but there were considerable administrative difficulties, coupled with an obvious shortage of suitable materials and imperfect communications. Numbers of colonial office officials arrived and

ensconced themselves comfortably on neighbouring Bairiki, where they began to cavort with quantities of the red tape which appeared to have been imported as priority cargo in the first re-occupying ship. Their attitude at this time led to gradually intensifying friction, with the returning traders groping among the ruins of Betio for traces of once flourishing general stores and export businesses. Australians and New Zealanders predominate among the Europeans engaged in Tarawa's commerce, with the result that outspoken comments and criticism of somewhat inexperienced or lethargic Government legislators widened the breach between the two communities until to-day the rift is evident to the most casual visitor.

Some traders abandoned their holdings and left the atoll, disheartened. One sizable firm, which had carried on a large pre-war business on this and other islands, was unable to re-establish itself, its trading licence being withheld by the Government—apparently on the representation of a section of the Gilbertese native population, who had formed a co-operative trading organization called the "Tangi-Tang" (meaning 'opposition'). However, an enterprising and later successful attempt to regain a foothold on the Mid-Pacific wholesale business commenced when the Tarawa Trade Scheme was formed with British and Australian capital backing. Becoming fully operative in 1947, the scheme acquired some small Diesel driven inter-island vessels, enlarged the Quonset huts originally erected on Betio by the Amerians, and aided by wharfage with a dredged approach prepared by the United States navy, restored Tarawa's position as chief distribution centre for the copra brought in from the islands of the Gilbert and Ellice Group. It is this collection and storage of copra in the Quonset warehouses of Betio that makes an annual visit by an ocean-going steamer worthwhile. Individual lifts from the remoter coral islets along the Micronesian chain, amounting as they do to less than two tons of copra in a year, would render the use of all but the smallest and most economically driven vessels hopelessly unremunerative. That is why schooners have endured for so long in these waters, but their monopoly is threatened to-day with the planned use of centrally-based fast loading power operated vessels of beachlanding craft design.

Meanwhile, replanting of Betio was in progress. Local government authorities were awake to this vital need, at least, and took expensive steps to encourage coconut planting among those natives who had returned to live on the islet. A payment of 6s. 8d. was made for each coconut put into the limestone soil, provided that a prescribed pattern was followed along the deserted airstrip and around the beach fringes. Unusual and totally unexpected results accrued from this policy; it normally takes from eight to ten years for cocopalms to flower and attain a height of about five feet above the ground, but

these on the airstrip appeared and flowered in less than three years. When I saw them—some four and a half years after planting—many had reached ten feet, while those occupying the beach fringes had scarcely pushed through to the surface. The gruesome but unmistakable reason was apparent to all the inhabitants ; the fast-acting fertilizer in the soil of the airstrip was the late invaders' method of effecting retribution for the damage they had wrought. Most Europeans agreed with this view, and many openly boasted of the number of skulls they had recovered while rebuilding on the islet. This state of mind may appear alarming at this distance, but rather less so on the spot, where memories of Japanese occupation are still lively.

Scavenger parties attracted considerable attention shortly after the return of civilians to Betio. Some of the gun emplacements had been blown to pieces by the naval bombardment, and the great coastal guns brought by the Japanese from Singapore Island were crushed against the entrances, entombing the men, most of whom had already been killed by concussion. When, these pits were tediously excavated, the human remains were sifted by Europeans and natives alike until a collection of gold teeth, rings, rusted watch rubies and other strictly personal trinkets was brought away for sale at a fairly high price to general traders. It is still possible to encounter remains of this character at odd places on the tiny islet, particularly where platoons of Japanese committed mass suicide by inserting pin-drawn hand grenades into their tunics rather than surrender. I understand that one of the minor 'sports' indulged in recently by some of the residents, after sufficient alcoholic intake, was to hunt for 'treasure'. However, isolation and loneliness, plus a strange oppressive sensation experienced after dark on the island, must be taken into consideration before passing too harsh a judgment on these activities.

Larger and more material items discarded after the battle included tanks, landing barges, cranes, and motor lorries. For several years a great number of rusting relics—some of them still useful—lay disregarded along the beaches, until an Australian salvage firm purchased the entire collection for £2,000 sterling. The firm's representative, a Czechoslovakian refugee who had once been connected with a prominent armament factory in his native country, was busily engaged in assessing the value of certain salvagable items. He pointed out to me a huge mobile crane, restored to full working order, which alone will ensure an overall profit for his firm. With the exception of a few working pieces of transport, most of the decaying material will be cut up for scrap, and only southbound shipping space—a rarity in these islands—delays its removal to Australia. Betio can then be tidied up more rapidly, and with the eventual departure of the clutter of historical wreckage a lighter, happier atmosphere may

settle over the atoll. Only a few weeks before my visit, an overturned tank lying in the surf had yielded the skeleton of an unknown marine.

A Government proposal to remove all business interests from Betio to Bonriki islet has recently been mooted. Its objects are presumably to allow unimpeded tree growth and copra production by natives only on the war-shattered islet, at the same time ensuring the proximity of the European population to the new hospital on Bonriki. Two deaths, both preventable, occurred in 1949 among the Betio residents, and the urgent need for closer medical supervision and attention was stressed. But the scheme, for which half a million pounds has been earmarked, is unlikely to reach fruition since no ships are able to penetrate so deeply into the lagoon as the third islet in the chain without prohibitively expensive dredging and, even then, there would be absolutely no room to manoeuvre between the heavy coral outcrops. Apart from agrarian considerations, it would be easier and cheaper to provide a small additional hospital on Betio, but for some unknown reason a proposal to this effect was disapproved.

Gilbertese natives appear to have settled down again quite happily after the startling interruptions a few years ago to their normally placid lives. These chocolate-skinned people are Micronesians, a strain to be found throughout the atoll chain of the mid and north Pacific. Of the four Pacific race groups, they are the poorest in stature, probably the most peaceable, and rate third in intellectual capacity. Unlike in Malaya, and in other parts of South-east Asia overrun by the Japanese, the Gilberts appear to have escaped anti-white doctrines and in consequence, respect for the Europeans has been retained. This may be due to the fact that many of them were witnesses to the violent elimination of the enemy in their territory, but more probably because of the highly creditable behaviour of those Europeans who stayed at their posts when the Japanese arrived, only to be massacred or brutally beaten without flinching. Religion plays its part, too, in the maintenance of tranquil relations among the islands. Missionaries in almost every part of the Pacific basin found their respective teachings were absorbed far in excess of their early expectations and their theological societies became energetically engaged in competition, particularly in the larger communities. In the smaller scattered groups, it was a case of first arrivals gaining an immediate foothold and retaining their monopoly over all latecomers, who usually had no recourse but to depart in quest of virgin congregations elsewhere. This occurred in the Gilbert and Ellice colony and developed to a remarkable extent, creating the peculiar situation existing at the present time. The Ellice Islands became a Protestant stronghold, with a hundred per cent. following; the London Missionary Society controls the entire group, sending a ship once a year to re-stock the churches, arrange leave for its representatives, and

attend to the various matters which this strange state of affairs requires. No person, European or native, is permitted to land on any of the islands under its control unless he is a declared Protestant. The rule is rigidly enforced, and applies even to the captains of trading vessels, who may have to conduct their business offshore if not adherents. Conditions in the Gilberts are almost exactly opposite, some islands with hundred per cent. Catholic communities enforcing similar regulations excluding any other denominations. Tarawa itself, by reason of its status as chief administrative centre for the combined colony, is not a closed island, but musters a 95 per cent. majority of Catholics. It serves to illustrate the intensity of religious fervour in the Pacific when one discovers that the five per cent. leakage on Tarawa has already been tapped by the Seventh Day Adventists, whose missionaries are struggling to expand their slight foothold.

Perhaps as a direct result of their religious environment, and possibly also because of their inherited customs, the Gilbertese are particularly honest. Thieving is a major crime in the islands, and on Tarawa, it is never necessary to lock drawers or cases against the natives for fear of loss. Occasional acts of drunken violence are another matter, but the average Gilbertese will never, however harsh his personal circumstances may be, steal anything from even the wealthiest residents. Educational standards are far from high, but all natives attend Mission and Government primary schools, where English is patiently—and in most cases—successfully taught. Very exceptional natives can be sent to Fiji for higher education, and a few have benefited from this but rare facility. One such student returned from Fiji shortly before the Japanese occupation to take up the position of meteorological officer at Tarawa radio station. His remarkable devotion to duty and ability with a self-made portable transmitter, which he operated from among the outer islets in the chain when in hiding, greatly assisted the re-taking of the atoll, earning for him a voyage to London to receive the British Empire Medal from the hands of His Majesty the King.

About 6,000 Gilbertese live at Tarawa, some 500 of them on Betio, where they used to have a village called 'Tabiteuea'. This, of course, disappeared amid the welter of destruction accompanying the 1943 landing, but an attempt is being made to re-erect it, using the typical pandanus thatching technique with high gabled roof—resulting in a remarkably cool structure, and much in demand by the European residents. The shrill cries and excited laughter of the natives holding their nightly Barterei dances—adequately fortified by violently alcoholic palm-toddy—carry to all corners of tiny Betio islet as they caper around the fires in front of the half constructed houses; the late carousals are not generally popular, since Tarawan residences

have no windows. The long overhanging eaves are intended to keep any rain out of the rooms, which they do most efficiently even when a fresh breeze is driving it across the bare islet in sheets, but a considerable lack of privacy is unavoidable, while noise has unrestricted entrance. Apart from heavy, but relatively infrequent showers, there are no weather problems to disturb the architects of Tarawa. The warmth is not only consistent and equable, but actually produces the same day and night temperatures every month of the year. Average maxima and minima show not even one degree of variation in ten years records—88 and 74 Fahrenheit respectively.

No remarks on the subject of this distant war-famed atoll could be considered complete without a reference to the group of nuns living on Eita, one of the smallest islets in the Tarawa horseshoe. They have remained there for upwards of 30 years and, through the 20 months of Japanese occupation, treated the invaders whenever contact was forced upon them with frigid disdain. They were never subjected to physical cruelties or indignities, unlike their less fortunate countrymen on Betio and Bairiki, but their food supplies were cut off, and on one occasion they became the victims of Japanese subtlety. It seems that shortly before the Christmas of 1942 the garrison commander sent word across to Eita offering them rice in exchange for a live pig which he knew the Sisters were keeping as a last resort. Desperate for a change from the eternal diet of coconuts, they reluctantly agreed to the exchange and sent the pig across the lagoon by canoe. The Japanese commander sent back his promised Christmas treat of rice—one egg-cup filled with it.

ART IN THE COUNTRY

BY EVE BARTON

THE June evening sunshine streamed through the windows of the large school assembly hall as the orchestra tuned up. The set-up was unusual ; on the platform sat a small, privileged audience and in the body of the hall were the performers—an orchestra of some seventy players and a choir of a hundred singers. It was founder's day of the rural music school. Small orchestras and choirs from villages and towns all over the county had come to play and sing together under the baton of the director of the music school. There had been a rehearsal in the afternoon, to fit the pieces of this musical jig-saw into a harmonious whole. Now the joyous anticipation of a thrilling evening pervaded the hall. For the enthusiasm of those who pursue an end for the love of the means is always infectious and here was music pursued for its own sake.

It was a remarkable performance given by the adult members of the rural music school. (There is an equally strong youth department which gives its own concert at a different time in the year.) The programme was ambitious, but the standard high. To the director, this must have seemed a satisfying climax to all his labours of the past year, his office work, his endless journeyings, his inspections, his disappointments and successes. Here, tonight, was a tangible proof of a need fulfilled. To one who was privileged to listen, the gathering was a symbol of something vital that is now happening. It is heralded by no head-lines, it is not advertised, but it is nevertheless growing steadily, though sometimes imperceptibly and always slowly, in our midst. This growth—the cultivation of the creative instinct—has had to contend with many diseases in the last three decades. Potted mechanical music, machine-made art, commercialized amusement, the destructive influence of war, a materialistic view of life, the pace of modern living ; all these attack the roots of an instinct which, for its satisfaction, requires leisure and a single mind. If the modern man who scoffs at village children being taught the violin should stray into a rural music school concert, he might be converted to a new way of thinking.

Joseph McCulloch says : “ The over-emphasis of our modern education on knowledge acquired by observation and memory and the consequent stunting of the faculties of perception and imagination

bars the road to religious experience and the knowledge of faith." Certainly, in the past, education through the emotions has been slightly suspect. Rather has there been a tendency to suppress emotion, to look upon games as the only safe outlet for the energy that might otherwise be put to dangerous uses. Even artistic channels such as music and painting were at one time viewed with mild disapproval in our schools. The "peculiar" boy who was willing to forgo his leisure and even his cricket to pursue art was not always encouraged. Modern educationalists take a different view. All the portents of our times point to the failure to teach men and women a satisfying way of life. In an industrial age, most of those who carry on the world's business must of necessity contend with monotony and soullessness in their daily work. We are now awakening to the fact that because so much of man's work is unsatisfying we must educate with a view to his leisure as well as to his vocation. It is the man with an absorbing and satisfying hobby who has learnt how to be happy, but to live richly the hobby must be creative, for there is no joy so real as the joy of creation, satisfying the spirit of man and not measurable in pounds, shillings and pence.

Why do artists never clamour for subsidies or go on strike? Because they have (sadly perhaps) accepted long ago that art cannot be subject to union rules or Government regulations. Art made easy would turn to dross in one's hand, for the pursuit of real beauty is the pursuit of the unattainable, the divine, the goal that is ever just beyond our reach. Nothing less than this will ever really satisfy the spirit of man.

EVERYTHING COMES TO AN END

BY FREDA C. BOND

LIKE as not if my husband had lived, and even more my daughter, who would have been a mother herself by now I make no doubt, I'd not have felt the need for philosophy. For as you may have noticed, women of sixty when they've got a husband and a couple of grandchildren, are so taken up with what to get for dinner so as not to aggravate his arthritis or maybe his duodenal, and whether to let their mother know that the little ones are talking coarse or something of that sort, that they haven't time to sit down and ask themselves : where have we got to and how will it end ?

But I began a few years back to feel there must be something somewhere to take us out of ourselves, so that such things as not being able to get decorated china or a dress that fits, on account of the extra inches round the hips, or even this steel nationalization that makes my brother in law so depressed, would seem of no account. And my niece Althea, who always takes an interest in keeping me abreast of modern thought, said that what I was lacking was a philosophy of life. And she lent me a book by Mr. Huxley—the other one, not the man from the London Zoo they used to have on the Brains Trust.

It was a beautiful book, what you might call inspiring. Mind you, there was a lot of reading in it, but I found out after a bit that you could leave out all the quotations signed by Indian and Chinese gentlemen, and the sense of the book would be just the same. And these being, when all's said and done, heathen, I figured you needn't take much account of what they said.

But the other writers, who are Christian—Roman Catholics and Quakers and all—it's wonderful how they agree. I never read a book that made me feel so good or as if the things that worry you don't matter. As I understand it, it went to prove that past and future are all one, and we and our neighbours are all one too, which gives a new sort of meaning to texts about loving our enemies.

But philosophy isn't easy, and though I'd got more than half way through this book when they took away our basic petrol, it didn't make me take it anything but hard. I recollect that evening, and the announcement on the wireless as if it was yesterday.

We'd only had our little car six months, Althea and I. When

Arthur, my husband, was alive, of course we'd had the Armstrong, but when he died I sold it and hired when I needed. But Althea kept on at me about getting a car, saying she would drive it for me, so I put my name down, and all of a sudden the man at the garage came by an Austin Eight, and providing I push the seat well back, I can fit in as cosy as anything. And it meant I could get out on the moors, like I hadn't done for years, and there's nothing like sitting for half an hour by a burn for taking you right out of yourself so that you get an inkling of what this Mr. Huxley means by self-noughting.

When I heard that announcement about the petrol, I saw that the only thing to do was to act philosophic and become like as if it was a speck of dust that hadn't any need of a motor or any desire to ride in one—not but what specks of dust *do*, but I didn't think of this at the time. So I poured myself out a glass of sherry, for sherry is useful in making you forget about your personality, and very soon Althea came in, and one look at her and I saw she needed a sherry too. "Forget about yourself," I advised her. "Think you are someone in history, maybe, who never had a motor." "There's only one person in history I feel like," she said, "and that's Charlotte Corday." I knew who she meant. She was an aristocratic lady in France, or it may have been Russia—in fact, I think it must have been, for I believe the sweet they call Charlotte Russe is named for her—and she didn't like the goings on of these revolutionaries. And there was one she had a particular spite against and she stabbed him in his bath.

I was sure that in the morning Althea would think better of it, for being modern she's always voted labour, never mind what the rest of us have to say, and for her to go thinking of stabbing one of the Government didn't seem at all the thing. But she carried on about lack of incentive to work and ignorance of psychology until I was really sorry for her.

I tried to explain about self-noughting and past and future being one but I didn't seem to believe it myself. I couldn't picture the time when petrol would be free again. But all the same the time arrived and already we're not too clear in our own minds, was it six months ago or longer that petrol came back?

Everything comes to an end, however unlikely it may seem. Looking back, I remember the first war and how all the boys we'd been to dances with went away to be killed and we couldn't fancy that life would ever be the same again. But the war ended, and there was all the excitement of getting engaged to Arthur. And after that of course there was my baby dying and me thinking I'd never get over it but I did, and Arthur dying too in his turn and me thinking I'd never get used to being a widow, but none the less I have. And this

last war : didn't we think sometimes that it never *would* have an end? And yet it did, and clothes rationing too, and points, which were enough to exasperate even Mr. Huxley, you'd think, except that I'm told he lives in a desert where there aren't any.

And now we wonder, will this state the world's in at present ever come to an end? For there's no denying it's the most unpeaceful peace the world has ever known, so's you can hardly be bothered to order forward for your garden, in case it's been blown sky high before ever you've paid the nurseryman's account. There's some that lets themselves get so depressed thinking that the only way this state we've got into is going to end is with the atom bomb, that they just lie down and put their heads in the gas cooker. If there was a strike on at the gas works, then of course they would have to rely on the railway line, provided there wasn't a strike on the railways. But the gas oven doesn't appeal to me, and I've figured out the reason.

I was always one for surprises, for the unexpected. When I was a child, I had a regular passion for a bran tub. At children's parties and charity bazaars I'd clamour for as many dips as they would let me have. Except for the time I got a clockwork mouse, I don't recollect that I ever got much out of the tub. It was the excitement of opening the packet to see what was in it that I liked.

It spoils a book for me to have a friend tell me the plot. "Don't tell me how it ends," I've had to say time and again when I happen on a friend changing her book in the library we all belong to, here in Carlingham. I'm glad enough of a hint as to if it's a sad book or a lively one or one of those literary ones where nothing much happens, but I don't want to be told the end. I want it to come as a surprise.

As I look at it, it's the same with life as it is with books—you're kept going because you don't know what's going to happen next and you want to find out. It's difficult, I grant, to picture a good way out of the fix we're in now. You hear the talk of civilization being at its last gasp and the whole order of things about to smash up, and there's no denying that sort of talk is alarming.

But if the world *is* going to smash up I'd like to know about it. I'd like to see what hand middle-aged women make of living when their houses and incomes are gone, and like as not no playing cards or television to pass away the time. Perhaps their physiques won't be able to stand the hardships and they'll have to die, reaching the same end as they might reach to-day if they looked too long at that gas oven. As I say, I don't like to know the end of a story in advance. And to put an end to your life before your allotted span seems to me like sending a book back to the library when you've read it only half way through, and that, unpleasant though a book may be, is a thing I never do.

GEORGE ORWELL

BY NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

THE free-lance journalist is of a dying race, but Orwell's integrity made him unwilling to sell his services outright to any one newspaper combine. He was as much a critic of Conservatism as of Socialism, so that although he was a strong supporter of the Labour Party there is no narrow political bias apparent in his work ; in fact his passionate interest in the Labour Party during his lifetime was something known rather by his personal friends than by his general readers. Again, when in 1940 he lumped Hilaire Belloc "with the old duds" who were trying to pretend that the new war was the old war of 1914 all over again, he was attacking Mr. Belloc as a writer on military strategy. Apparently, in all other respects, he had the highest admiration for him as an author ; but at the time this was not obvious from Orwell's book, *The Lion and the Unicorn*—it was the something known rather by his personal friends.*

To contemporary readers, the figure which he cut was that of an English radical : he was in the tradition of Langland and Bunyan, Cobbett and Dickens. Indeed, one might be tempted to say that with Chesterton, he stood for the end of a tradition ; but this is not so. For in R. C. Churchill's work—a less prolific modern author—the same tradition is being continued ; and if a definition of that tradition is wanted, then one can do no better than turn to Orwell's comments on Dickens. They are equally applicable to himself. "His radicalism is of the vaguest kind, and yet one always knows that it is there. That is the difference between being a moralist and a politician. He has no constructive suggestions, not even a clear grasp of the nature of the society he is attacking, only an emotional perception that something is wrong. All he can finally say is : 'Behave decently', which . . . is not necessarily so shallow as it sounds."

It is not difficult to see at what Orwell is driving. One recalls Dickens's statement from *The Uncommercial Traveller*: "Figuratively speaking, I travel for the house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy goods way." The stress is on the observer rather than the reformer, and Dickens as a novelist was first and foremost an observer ; what reforms his

* I am indebted for this point to Mr. Geoffrey Ashe.

novels prompted were incidental to his main intention which was to record what he felt was wrong with society. Felt is the operative word. So it is, even in his travel books such as *American Notes*, that his factual observations evoke an emotional response in the reader : " Ran away, a Negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burned her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M," or : " Ran away, a Negro named Arthur. Has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife ; loves to talk much of the goodness of God." By a similar method Orwell's novels evoke a similar response ; they too are a criticism of society—awakeners to the fact " that something is wrong."

It must not be thought that Dickens and Orwell can be equated as novelists ; they are in the same English radical tradition, but there is a vast difference between both their achievement and talent. At the best Orwell is a minor writer—neither the 'thirties nor 'forties have been decades of literary giants—and only in one novel does he offer himself as a serious rival to H. G. Wells. The newspaper comparisons to Swift, Voltaire and Anatole France are what one must expect of a system whereby a masterpiece is selected to be the book of the month each day of the week. Orwell knew the system inside out. As he admitted : " . . . if one says . . . that *King Lear* is a good play and *The Four Just Men* is a good thriller, what meaning is there in the word 'good' ?" And, as he went on : " nearly every reviewer says this kind of thing at least once a week." The value of Orwell's integrity is that it is infectious. One feels that as a creative writer he would like to be tested by the same standards as he himself tested other authors in his critical essays. Once more the operative word is 'feels', for there is something distinctly tactile about Orwell's work—especially his early fiction.

Early in the 'thirties in *The Adelphi* there appeared a short account of the execution of a Burmese ; it was entitled " A Hanging ", and the writer was Eric Blair (George Orwell was Blair's subsequent *nom de plume*). The account is short—seven pages—but it shows the mark of a writer who is also a lover of humanity. " When I saw the prisoner step aside to avoid the puddle I saw the mystery, the unspeakable wrongness, of cutting life short when it is in full tide." Later, in his novel, *Burmese Days*, the same sentiments appear. For *Burmese Days* was largely autobiographical, being based upon his experiences as a police officer in Burma. For example, in one of his off-duty hours from fiction, one finds him making this revealing aside : " I never went into a jail without feeling (most visitors to jails feel the same) that my place was really on the other side of the bars." The keynote to his work is sympathy with the oppressed, the underdogs of both the eastern and western worlds.

Coupled with this sympathy was an intense admiration for justice. He approved of law and order, but was not the man to administer it. That was the crux of the matter, for his loyalties became divided and this, in turn, led him into some paradoxical positions. In *Burmese Days* one native character is a stout defender of British imperialism, another a pure and simple villain. They are both men who owe more to the west than to the east, since the former is a doctor, the latter a magistrate. Indeed whereas these characters carry conviction, the members of the English colony tend to be stock figures. There is Verrall, spruce and handsome, a good shot and a fine polo player, but so far as women are concerned something of a cad (there are shades of Steerforth from *David Copperfield* in this portrait). There is Elizabeth whose chief reading is Michael Arlen; whose conception of foreigners is an *en bloc* one without distinction; whose eye is always on the main chance. She is both smug and a go-getter. There is Flory with his unorthodox views about natives, with a birthmark on his face and his perpetual feeling of not being quite in line with his compatriots, of not being quite out of "the same drawer" as his colleagues at the club. He suffers from an inferiority complex and, to some extent, it is an autobiographical picture of Orwell himself. By birth they both belonged to "what you may describe as the lower-upper-middle class." "Theoretically you knew how to shoot and ride, although in practice you had no horses to ride and not an inch of ground to shoot over." The solution was to go east, old man; there, if not at home, one could keep up appearances.

Yet before saying anything of Orwell's novels about England, it is perhaps worthwhile harking back to *Burmese Days*. For there is in this book one scene of such extreme tactile power that it has something of D. H. Lawrence's blood *mystique* about it. The scene occurs when Elizabeth and Flory are out hunting. She has just shot a jungle-cock. "They were kneeling face to face with the dead bird between them. With a shock they discovered that their hands . . . were clasped tightly together. They had run to the place hand-in-hand and without noticing it." To the blood *mystique* is added a sun *mystique*; it is as if one becomes a participant at some primitive tribal sacrifice. "A sudden stillness came over them both, a sense of something momentous that must happen. Flory reached across and took her other hand. It came yielding, willingly. For a moment they knelt with their hands clasped together. The sun glared upon them and the warmth breathed out of their bodies; they seemed to be floating upon clouds of heat and joy. He took her by the upper arms to draw her towards him." In his portrayal of human relationships, Orwell never again reached such intensity as here. A shift of emphasis took place; it was not that he no longer wrote of lovers, but that his sympathy lay in their social plight, in the condi-

tions in which they had to love one another or die. He felt for them rather than with them.

For instance in his first novel, *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, he writes of a bookseller's assistant who takes his girl out on a Sunday with just six and tuppence on him. His early fiction was like a series of documentaries; the background was urban England—that England of which Dickens had written in *Hard Times*: “You saw nothing in Coketown but was severely workful; the jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town hall might have been either . . .” With one's best girl, with just six and tuppence, it was difficult to eke out any day in a city. Orwell who had lived as a down-and-out in London and Paris knew this well. “I had been in London innumerable times, and yet till that day I had never noticed one of the worst things about London—the fact that it costs money even to sit down. . . . We stood two hours on the street corner. It was unpleasant, but it taught me not to use the expression ‘street corner loafer’ . . .”

Nearly all Orwell's early work was based on fact. In *The Road to Wigan Pier* he tells why he chose to learn the hard way what it was to be a *Down and Out in London and Paris*: it was so that he might lose his feeling of guilt. For, as the autobiographical material used in *Burmese Days* reflects, he had known what it was to be part of an oppressive system and it had left him with a bad conscience. “Innumerable remembered faces—faces of prisoners in the dock, of men waiting in the condemned cells, of subordinates I had bullied and aged peasants I had snubbed, of servants and coolies I had hit with my fists in moments of rage (nearly everyone does these things in the East, at any rate occasionally: orientals can be very provoking)—haunted me intolerably.” As he continues: “I was conscious of an immense weight of guilt that I had got to expiate” and this led him to wish to submerge himself, “to get right down among the oppressed,” to live as a *plongeur* in Paris and as a tramp in London. Even when he was 13 he had suffered agonies because of his lower upper-middle class squeamishness. In a train full of shepherds and pig-men who had been selling their beasts, they passed round a queer bottle of beer; as the bottle drew nearer which had touched “lower class mouths” Orwell felt certain that he would vomit, but if offered a drink which he refused, he knew he would be offending them. Such instances were a common dilemma for him. Yet by the time he came to write of Wigan Pier in 1937, his experience of living amongst miners in the industrial north made him tentatively suggest that for “genuinely revolutionary government” to be effective, not working and middle classes must be merged, and “it will not be as dreadful as we feared, for, after all, we have nothing to lose but our aitches.” But such sentiments were not generally those of

give up opposition not through fear of torture, but of one's own free will. There must be no martyrs. One must die loving Big Brother.

This is a depressing note on which to end, but it is the note on which George Orwell's work ends ; it is what he saw as the completion of "a gloomy story", and he was far too honest a writer to allow false optimism to cloud his vision. From his standpoint, it was the logical conclusion. Moreover, it is a vision which calls to mind H. G. Wells's vision of *Things to Come*, although there are certain obvious differences between these two authors as Utopians. For it is only in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* that Orwell can stand comparison with Wells—and then not in outlook so much as in imaginative insight into what *may* happen in the future.

Of the two different futures which they prophesied, there have already been signs of both. But signs can often act as warnings and that is the one heartening thing about their two horror stories. Orwell saw Wells's conception of Utopia breaking down because he had lived to see that material progress is not necessarily synonymous with material wealth. For him, *Things to Come* was a book which could be only half true. On the other hand the world of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* had not yet become a full reality ; it was only half true, half fact, and there was still time to sound the alarm. Moreover, that is why the book should be described as an allegory rather than a novel. Like *Piers Plowman* and *Pilgrim's Progress* it shows how once a certain stage is reached, how once a moral deterioration has set in, the conscience can be destroyed ; for such consciences have become shadows of what they should be. Naturally Orwell's premises are different from those of Langland and Bunyan, but there is as it were a point of intersection. He did not share their religious beliefs, but he was equally aware of the corrupting processes in man's nature ; he could *feel* them, but not *rationalize* them. That is the difference between being a moralist and a politician" ; and Orwell was a moralist without a specific religious faith. He hated all "the smelly little orthodoxies" which he saw contending for men's souls and hence fell back on his own vague brand of radicalism. Yet that form of radicalism with its exhortation to "behave decently" he knew was not enough to save men from the domination of Big Brother. He had seen his own radicalism tried and found wanting. In its place, with integrity he could say that he had no alternatives to offer and accordingly, in the circumstances, he could but shout his warnings of the impending catastrophe. That was his protest against the gradual encroachment on human rights which he witnessed everywhere. Silence would have been treason. Orwell was not a traitor ; in a disintegrating world—for what it is worth—he stood as a partiot of that heartland whose rivers are the veins of human love.

THE UNNATURAL GARDEN

BY GEOFFREY GRIGSON

IT seldom comes to anyone to make a new garden of many acres, to have the pleasure of transforming waste or field on that scale, to make great sheets of water or fountains or waterfalls. Most of us take over a garden, alter it or enlarge it. However excellent it may become, we can only deceive ourselves into thinking we have created it. The deception is enjoyable, but the real thing, the making, designing of a garden—what nerve it would require! Going round a diversity of gardens lately, I have been wondering if I could do it, I have been wondering what kind of garden I would make if I had several thousands to spend upon it. Where would it be, first of all? What kind of site should I buy, valley or flat, rocky and watered, inland or by the Channel?

It is a matter for self-examination. One part of me says a "natural" garden, since an English nature-romanticism dies hard. Another part of me says away with Claude Monet and Gertrude Jekyll and splashings of colour, away above all with rhododendrons. I have the misfortune only to have seen Stourhead in June, when the flaunting of rhododendrons and azaleas ruins this great landscape garden like coarse over-painting. What would Henry Hoare the younger say if he could walk again through the eighteenth century paradise he made and observe how his vistas, his waters, his islands and temples have been swallowed up in purple and pink and white and orange? The rhododendrons entered like weeds in the nineteenth and twentieth century reign of Sir Henry Hoare who so generously willed the gardens and the Palladian mansion to the National Trust. But he has destroyed the green spirit of the gardens, at any rate for a month or two in the year. Every vista is purple or pink. The water around the islands is empurpled. The cool temples are no longer emphatic. Sit in the grotto, and purple water gleams through the jagged opening.

Why not go further and give Rysbrack's Nymph of the Grot a summer dress suitable for Ascot? Why not fine the Pantheon with coloured silks, decorate the Temple of Flora with watercolours by Nolde and Matthew Smith? Why not repaint, over-paint all the Claudes in the National Gallery? It is too much, I suppose, to suggest handing Stourhead to the cleaner and restorer so that the

over-painting may be removed. Henry Hoare the younger would see in these June flauntings the final triumph of the Whites over the Blacks, the eighteenth century defeated, Turner triumphant ; and he would wish every rhododendron back on the slope of its proper Chinese or Himalayan mountain.

Still if it came to making my own large paradise I have no wish for an eighteenth century landscape garden. There is something enervating in the character of such gardens, something thin, too pictorial, too imitative, too tastefully pretentious. I walk round them and see them only as canvases, and would never be surprised if a tractor came trundling in pulling a cart loaded up with gigantic gilt frames which would be disposed here and there among the trees and the temples and the statuary. A large wind, I feel, might roar through at any moment and burst the canvas and spoil all this careful Claudian illusion.

But would a Jekyll-Robinson garden be preferable ? A romantic garden between the granites of a Cornish valley ? More rhododendrons ? Or haven't we had too much of that as well ? Ascot again. At least the temples were solid, the grottoes were dramatic, the trees were green, the walks on the plane of the canvas long and cool ; and I give a box on the ears to that part of me which hankers after the natural garden and the Robinsonian wilderness. Coleridge told Sir George Beaumont, in revolt against the landscape garden, that the house must belong to the country, not the country to the house. Wordsworth agreed. He pronounced that to dress a whole countryside in a nobleman's livery was substituting little things for great : the principle was to do no violation to the holiness of nature—not of nature, but Nature. Ruskin came along with his great box of verbal paints, and found before he died that Nature was not so deserving of the hallowed N. She had nasty habits as well as good, produced nasty as well as virtuous plants—even plants which made so bold as to devour insects. He was shocked when he learnt of these insectivorous trolls and wrote : “ I will not be always paying her compliments—the nasty things she turns out ! ”

I do not much like seeing the countryside wearing either a nobleman's livery or a ready-made suit from a multiple tailor ; but why after all shouldn't nature with a small *n* be bullied, kept in severe order and made to do exactly what she is told ? If you walk up from the gardens at Stourhead and stand in front of the portico of the Palladian mansion, a great vista of Salisbury Plain moves away into the distance. This distance, this vast diminution gives the landscape some order. Nothing has interfered with it, it is true, but generations of nibbling sheep, from the days of the Windmill Hill culture and the Beaker folk and the Cistercians and the breeders of the Hampshire Down. How excellent it would be to have such a house

in an idiom of modern rather than classical order, with an ordered garden around it and then such a vastness of landscape in a geologic and perspective order. Here the house belongs very decently to the country, but to a country which itself is not too insolently natural. The human being is the centre. And then I think of Schloss Bruhl and Clemens August, the Elector of Cologne, of his house and his garden, still unspoilt a few miles from the ruined city. He was the centre. Around him, the expression of his gaiety of spirit, he built his phantasia of rococo saloons. There was nature enough, there were plants enough, birds enough, flattened on blue and white tiles to the ceiling, kept in an extravagant submission. The Elector walked up his wide staircase under a mythological painted ceiling. All around him were coloured incrustations, coloured veinings which would have driven Ruskin into rage or melancholic despair—colour but not colour pretending to be natural ; colour deliberately made, a deliberate projection of the human will, a deliberate artifice, an unabashed fabrication of gaiety in its most intricate form, which matched the embroidered coats of the great cleric and his guests. Why should he want nature below the façade dancing to Miss Jekyll's saxophone and flowers indecently promiscuous in a fat series of long herbaceous borders ?

Out he and his friends walked to a long parterre, geometrically arranged, twisted into discreet scrolls by hedgelets of box ; and at this corner and that stood yews forbidden to grow tall or to grow beyond their imposed shape of elongated pyramids. Flowers in order, flowers that made patterns and could yet be individually apprehended, plucked, held to the nostrils. The parterre, low to the ground, allowed the spirit to escape after the saloons into freedom, air, sunlight. And beyond ? Beyond were the solemn walks in shade, the long straight passages, or alleys, cut between the sounding foliage of the timber trees. Admirable meditative walks, green, in which nature is not importunate, does not nag, thrusts neither holiness nor beauty at you, does not exclaim at every inch and corner : " How delightful I am ! How quite exceptionally adorable ! How much like a debutante without morals ! Please worship me and do what I tell you ! "

To me this deliberate order is far more satisfactory, after a self-analysis, than either the natural or the semi-natural garden, Bodnant or Stourhead. Stourhead is having it both ways. It is playing at nature and playing at art. It is half inhuman. Bodnant and most of our gardens are the surrender of humanity. Schloss Bruhl is its assertion, not to be imitated, no doubt, but providing lessons to be attended to. It is not an imitation, not a translation of one art into another, not a pretence nor an act of self-deception. It is something made within, in its own laws, which is conducive to humanity and

does not suck its essence away like an evil spirit. The truth of the matter is you cannot make terms with nature. You are master or she is (though I deprecate giving nature either gender or personality). In one of his books Julian Huxley describes how he lay in the sun under a bird cliff in Spitsbergen, on grass which was made luxuriant by hundreds of years of droppings. Nature took no notice of him. The birds did not acknowledge that he was there, they flew in, flew out. They did not acknowledge the existence of Europe, or cities, or factories, or Bren guns, or gardens, or ideas. Nature was not so much implacable as indifferent. And nature is the gardener's opponent. The gardener who pretends he is in love with her has to destroy her climaxes of vegetation and make (if he does not like the dominance over nature represented by Schloss Bruhl) an alliance with her which she will be the first to break without warning, in the most treasonable way she can. She sneaks in and inserts her weeds, her couch-grass, her ground elder, her plantains, behind his back. I like (when I can keep my English and inescapably romantic self in order) to see this creature in gardens kept under, dictated to, obedient. I like her to be quite unable to interfere with my human prerogative and my human business, so that I can grow all the extravagance I want inside myself. She is a succubus, Sycorax or Caliban's sister, and must be treated with no half-measures ; and I rather like to see her confined in a greenhouse.

The best private equivalent, within one's means, to a Schloss Bruhl I have ever enjoyed was a small, a miniature, garden which Paul Nash contrived within the Victorian garden of shabby evergreens and sullen grass behind a street in Hampstead. There was no question of who was master, no pretence of any alliance on equal terms, and no worship of a full-breasted, *décolletée* nymph. Nature's business was to grow what she was told to grow among shells and gravel and fossils, carefully arranged ; and no weeds had a chance of entry. This miniature garden was not a rockery—that most shameless of all surrenders to naturalism. It was more a grotto, part dry like a New Mexican desert, part watered. It had a double advantage of being both a creation, a rococo contrivance, a theatre, and one in which the forms of individual plants could be observed and enjoyed. Certainly it was one of the most perfected works of art which Paul Nash ever made, in a complete and curious divorce from its Victorian environment. I do not remember now a single species which grew in this miniature. I remember only the effect, the astonishment, the humanity ; and when I recall it I observe my own garden with some displeasure. I have compromised between my selves, my convictions and my inheritance. The garden contains neither a rockery nor an orthodox herbaceous border, rather a mixture of both with an attention to individuals, their shapes, peculiarities,

associations and history. Sometimes I think : " Pull everything up. Add to the grass. Make formal beds on a geometric plan. Insert for Heaven's sake some design and abandon all this naturalism." The naturalism goes on, the war against weed continues. I look across the grass in the sun and observe wine-coloured cranesbills, delphinium, carnation, sulphur rock-roses, peonies, white and purple foxgloves and am fairly, and treasonably, content. But I do not approve. The female, impudent as usual and blowsy, has too much of her own way, at home with her slugs, her colours, her woodlice, her weeds, an eager and not so virginal half-wit, unbound and sticky with sweets, always too ready to please, always in the sulks if I bring out the whip. I shall poison her one day along with the weeds and bury her under a monkey-puzzle or a pyramidal yew and I shall put into her grave my guide to Stourhead, Wordsworth's poems and Gertrude Jekyll's boots.

" You will ? " she says ; and begins to make love to me. And I—

THE UNREVEALED

BY GLORIA KOMAI

As a glass shows not who has passed, angels
 Go by unseen ; the crystal air trembles
 As if to shape a sigh. . . . The flowers lean
 Upon the wind, as if their perfume took
 A fragile body to be visible,
 Denied to angels ; who, unenvious
 Yet grieved, long to be held fast by the gaze
 Of men, unseeing, seeking ; if only
 The look would last until they could absorb
 Enough of dragonfly light to appear. . . .

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A LATENT WORLD COMMUNITY

By H. G. NICHOLAS

THESE are not rosy times in which to study international relations. Even the most convinced believer in the application of organized knowledge to human problems may falter and lose heart when he looks at the international scene. For mastering this chaos the tools of the study seem puny indeed. But more than this, agreement is lacking within the ranks of scholarship itself as to the nature of the discipline which has come into existence over the last 30 or 40 years, to be known variously as International Relations, International Politics, Foreign Affairs, or Geo-Politics—the diversity of titles indicates the confusion of approach. Above all, should the subject be approached historically and descriptively or institutionally and analytically? Two books* illustrate admirably the advantages and disadvantages of each method. Professor Friedmann has written *An Introduction to World Politics* which is mainly descriptive and historical. He has not neglected the study of institutions, or competing philosophies, but the main emphasis of his book falls on the analysis of what he calls “the world wide power conflict.” Professor Levi views the problems, as it were, from the other end. He takes his stand upon the assumption of world organization as the goal, with the nation States as ephemeral (although powerful) obstacles in the road. He analyses the institutions, the pressures and the psychological forces which may promote or retard his desired consummation. The nation State has its evil place in his world picture, but, for the purposes of his study, it is viewed not in its concrete multiplicity,

but as a somewhat disembodied abstraction.

Each approach has obvious virtues. Professor Friedmann makes us feel that we are never out of touch with the (alas, all too painful) actualities of international life, the Hobbesian “war of all against all” which still awaits its pacifying Leviathan. His analysis of the traditions, aspirations, economic ends and industrial potentialities of the rival entities is admirably done, particularly in view of the small compass into which it is compressed. Excellent appendices with clear maps provide up-to-date factual and statistical information.

Professor Levi divides international organization into its political, economic, social and cultural aspects. He traces first of all the degree of organization which the latent world community has so far reached in each of these fields. He draws out, often with singular clarity and penetration, the predisposing factors, whether friendly or hostile, which the development of world history has so far produced. He analyses the structure and functioning of the United Nations and its ancillary or rival organizations with an excellent blend of commonsense and empirical observation. Finally, he points out what seem to him to be the most promising avenues of further development. Even from this bare outline it should be obvious to any but the most doctrinaire that the treatments embodied in these two volumes are not in fact rival but complementary. They are, so to speak, the worm’s eye and the bird’s eye views of international affairs. Professor Friedmann performs the salutary

* *An Introduction to World Politics*, by W. Friedmann. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
Fundamentals of World Organization, by Werner Levi. Minnesota University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 24s.

service of keeping us earthbound, or reminding us of the form in which, however large our conceptions, the problems of world development will in fact continue to present themselves to the diplomat and the politician for a very long time to come. Professor Levi, from his more exalted and detached position, enables us to do two things; by taking in all the woods he safeguards us against losing our way amidst the trees—in other words he can point out the main lines along which we should be seeking to develop; secondly, he can trace from his high altitude the shaping forces, sometimes even below the level of consciousness—as the airman may discern in the pattern of waving wheat the contours of an early British earthwork. Since no student, however distinguished, can avoid being prone to error in one or other of these directions, a parallel reading of *World Organization* and *World Politics* is a medicine that can bring nothing but benefit. But to the warm endorsement that the merits of these books demand, two notes of qualification should be added.

Any treatment of world politics in terms of the clashing claims and interests of the great powers must, if it is to be realistic, take account of the dominant rôles of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. This Dr. Friedmann's book is careful to do—but always from the outside, as they appear to or act upon the other figures on the world stage. But surely, for such gargantuan entities, that treatment is not enough. Even if the allegedly monolithic U.S.S.R. can be taken for granted as a constant force, the loosely jointed United States deserves more analytical examination. There is a certain ambivalence in Dr. Friedmann's references to the U.S.A.—sometimes he seems to regard her as a kind of ill-mannered mastiff wagged by the tail of the F.B.I., sometimes as a good-natured but erratic St. Bernard, bringing Marshall Aid to democrats lost in the snow. His prevalent inclination, however, is to regard her in rather crude power-political terms, a capitalist

colossus that needs a 'third force' to keep her from slipping into an always latent totalitarianism. Such an opinion, once formed, is not lightly shaken, but one likes to think that if Professor Friedmann had subjected the United States to the same careful analysis of its social, racial, political and economic structure that he administers, for example, to the British Commonwealth he would have modified his view—or at least provided his readers with the material to modify it for him.

My quarrel with Professor Levi is somewhat different. He believes, I suspect, that there is something which might be called the study of organization *as such*. Those who share his conviction will probably not experience the bewildering effect which his chapter on 'The Organization of Politics' had on at least one reader. Here, in immediate juxtaposition to shrewd and pungently expressed observations on international life, one may come on sentences such as the following: "Social institutions must fail if they are too inflexible to integrate the social processes. Peaceful society is the continuum of uneasy equilibria between many different forces which must be constantly adjusted by adequate institutions." To any faint hearts who may be daunted by such obstacles I can say that they constitute only occasional bunkers across the smooth fairway of Professor Levi's course.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICS.

by Professor R. H. Soltau. *Longmans*. 16s.

"This book," says its author, "was originally planned for use in an Introductory Course in the American University of Beirut." It reads a little more like the conversation of a clever man than a book by one. There is a stimulating superficiality which a teacher may use with the utmost advantage *viva voce* with a group of young students, and yet find it not come up to the test of print.

The book is about very nearly every-

thing. In its 300-odd pages it discusses a variety of theories of the State, and law, justice and sovereignty; it considers the difficulties of freedom; it offers sketches of parliamentary and cabinet government; it has views on class systems and leadership; it devotes a few pages to Planning and Socialist States. The natural result is a lot of irritating loose ends. For instance, in the chapter on "Law and Sovereignty" Professor Soltau asks how it may be decided whether laws are just and concludes that the concept of Natural Law is essential to objective standards of justice. "It is the tacit acknowledgment of this," he goes on to say, "which lies behind the trials of war criminals, for if there be no natural universal principles of human behaviour, irrespective of time and place, the trials are judicially and morally unjustifiable." This would be very well if the Nuremberg indictment, for example, had appealed to a Natural Law enshrined in the conscience of all men. Instead it rested in part on international law most dubiously founded, like the Kellogg Pact, for the outlawry of war. The author has adduced a thoroughly bad instance to prove his point.

In the same chapter he rightly remarks upon the connection between law and the conscience of the age in which the law is made: slavery is not to be condemned in a period when it was believed right. So far so good, but he passes on to a condemnation of the Germans for their anti-Jewish laws because the German conscience had advanced to a stage after which such laws ought not to have been made. This may sound well, but a moment's thought shows that his view allows of no regression in human affairs. Professor Soltau would demand from men living in the miserable aftermath of a world atomic war the same moral standards that they reverence now, presumably because their ancestors had once subscribed to the United Nations Charter. These arguments are

all too simple.

At the same time for all its skating over grave problems, the book has its usefulness. Take only its empirical discussion of what the State is. There are many, in adult evening classes or popular discussion groups, who will never in their lives read their Hegel and Bosanquet or even their Laski. They would however be able to read Professor Soltau and if they disagree with him on a number of points, as they certainly ought to do, so much the better for the educative process which his book will have had the merit of starting.

WALTER JAMES

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, 1917-1923. Volume One, by E. H. Carr. *Macmillan*. 25s.

Perhaps the main interest of this critical, comprehensive, and well-balanced survey of the earlier years of the Russian Revolution lies in the light it throws on the evolution of Marxist thought in the context of Russian history and the Russian background. The classic Marxist analysis had always conceived the proletarian revolution as taking place first in the countries with the most highly developed capitalist systems. "The tragic dilemma of the Russian revolution, which neither Mensheviks nor Bolsheviks could wholly solve," writes Professor Carr, "rested on an error in prognostication in the original Marxist scheme. Marx believed that *bourgeois* capitalism, once established, would everywhere run its full course, and that, when it began to decay through its own inherent contradictions, then and only then would it be overthrown by a socialist revolution. What in fact happened was that capitalism, in the countries where it was most fully and powerfully developed, built around itself a vast network of vested interests embracing a large sector of the industrial working class, so that . . . it continued for a long period to resist without much difficulty the forces of revolution, whereas it was a

nascent and immature capitalism which succumbed easily to the first revolutionary onslaught." Hence flowed the prime practical difficulties with which the Revolution was confronted: economically, the Bolshevik government had to rely on the sparse resources of an under-developed country suffering from all the distortions of war; politically, it had to depend on a rudimentary trade union organization and on purchasing the support of a backward and mainly illiterate peasantry. Hence, too, arose the doctrinaire controversies that, but for the masterful personality and character of Lenin, would have divided the Marxists of the revolutionary era as sharply as did the difference between Marshal Stalin and Trotsky after Lenin's death.

The uncertainties occasioned both by the difficulties of the time and by the divisions of opinion among the revolutionaries revealed themselves from the beginning of the revolutionary period and were clarified only by Lenin and the logic of events. The differences of opinion, of course, had existed before even the revolutionary outbreaks of 1905. Professor Carr neatly summarizes the position of the Mensheviks:

Everyone agreed that Russia had not yet reached her *bourgeois* revolution; and it could therefore be argued, as the legal Marxists and Economists argued, that at this stage the proletariat could, so far as the socialist revolution was concerned, only play a waiting game, and in the meanwhile act as a subsidiary ally of the *bourgeoisie* in its programme for the overthrow of feudalism and autocracy.

Lenin's strength lay in his combination of theoretical skill with practical ability. Without the former he could not have exerted authority over the intelligentsia of the Revolution, steeped as they were in Marxist doctrine. Thus he never failed to distinguish, according to Professor Carr, between the *bourgeois* revolution, which was to overthrow the autocracy of the Czars, and the proletarian revolution, which was to substitute State socialism for private capitalism; but he conceived the two

revolutions as "indissolubly linked". In a situation which never failed to raise doctrinaire questions Lenin never failed to find a doctrinaire answer. But he succeeded in linking the doctrines of the professed revolutionaries with the instinctive actions of such men as the Kronstadt sailors. "Before Lenin arrived all the comrades were wandering in the dark"; and the decisions of the Petrograd and the all-Russian party conferences to support Lenin's policy of the transfer of all power to the Soviets, as against Kamenev's policy of "the most watchful control" by the Soviets over the Provisional Government, were probably the crucial events of the Revolution itself.

This volume takes the history of the Revolution far beyond the year 1917. Its readers will trace the evolution of "democratic centralism", or a system of rigid discipline imposed from above, in the Communist Party; the gradual transfer of effective power from the Soviets to executive committees they had appointed; and the series of skilful, courageous but opportunist decisions which brought Russia through revolutionary chaos to the highly disciplined dictatorship organized from the Kremlin that has continued to rule it to this day. It scarcely needs to be said that Professor Carr handles his material with objectivity, with clarity, and with a high degree of critical and analytical power.

W. T. WELLS

THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION.
Essays on Literature and Society, by
Lionel Trilling. *Secker and Warburg.*
15s.

There are two purposes for which one may apply to literature the word first-class: to give the idea that work is really in the order of literature or to suggest that it has enough precision and vigour, enough knowledge and originality to win a first class in an examination and to entitle the writer to an academic post. It is in this latter sense that Mr. Trilling's work is first-

class.

He is in the front rank among the new writers in America, and keeps in steady view the lead and example of Mr. Eliot. But whereas Mr. Eliot finds his standard in the classics, and especially in the religious classics, Mr. Trilling is preoccupied with psycho-analysis, and the resultant question of sex. He is as much under the influence of Freud as Mr. Eliot is under that of Lancelot Andrewes. He has even a chapter on the Kinsey Report, with one on neurosis and another on Freud in their relation to art and to letters. The result is something obviously American. We turn to it not for style but for modernness, not for insight but for an apologia.

Read so, it arouses much sympathy. It admits weakened art and waning freedom. It speaks, too, of "our grim late human present." And it frankly admits that when class distinctions are obliterated the fineness of novel writing is lost, just as the quality of transcendence in literature depends on the survival of belief. It is, then, an admission that America's liberal democracy (not only America's) is stifling to creative genius. Here we have a man preoccupied in the current mode with Joyce, Proust, Lawrence, Kafka, Spengler and considering their effect on such people as O'Neill, Dos Passos and Wolfe—and nothing of extraordinary value results.

But Mr. Trilling is by no means confined to this line of thought. He has within him the sense of a classic. There are good essays on "The Princess Casamassima" and "Huckleberry Finn" as well as on Tacitus. There is even one on the Immortality Ode. But if we compare it with that of Sir Maurice Bowra on this subject, or compare his appreciation of Henry James with that lately published by Mr. Graham Greene, we see just where to put Mr. Trilling with regard to both style and penetration. But he does make the point that Wordsworth uses the idea of pre-existence as a poet and for a poetic purpose.

Mr. Trilling also points out that the famous clouds of glory are not unrelated to "the gravitation and the filial bond of Nature that connect us with the world" and which enable a child to see the world into which he comes in the light of a mother's love; but, all the same, it is surely too Freudian to suggest that the trailing clouds are but a figure for immediate physical pre-natality, and in fact Mr. Trilling does not go so far as to confuse "the imperial palace whence he came" with the organic receptacle from which he was born. What he needs is to give his sincerity and sanity freer play.

ROBERT SENCOURT

LIBERTIES OF THE MIND, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Morgan's main thesis, in his new volume of essays, is that the conception of tyranny has so developed that whereas, in Montesquieu's time, despotism sought only to control men's actions, to-day there is an attack on the liberty of thought itself based on a mechanistic view of personality. He points to experiments by American scientists and to the Soviet trials—but makes no mention of Stypulkowski, who withstood, and later analysed, the Soviet technique. What follows illuminates the theme, with much acute comment besides. Tennyson, for example, foresaw "a last, dim battle of the west" which, when it came, would be world wide. Who, one wonders, without Mr. Morgan, would have remarked the contemporaneity of the *Idylls of the King*?

Mr. Morgan suggests that the chief value of Montesquieu's *Esprit des lois* lies in its recognition of the need for a balance rather than separation of power between executive and legislature—on this he believes Dr. Trevelyan has been less than fair to the Frenchman—and he shows, rather terrifyingly, how that essential balance has virtually gone from our Constitution. In *The Artist in the Community* he hints at a

definition of his own aesthetic : the artist will enable men to imagine aspects of truth by communicating his own visions of truth. He "is bound by his vocation to recognize as sin the authoritarian's claim to be a monopolist of truth." It is a succinct yet penetrating statement of the artist's position. "An artist", writes Mr. Morgan, "does not renew society ; he enables men to renew themselves and so, in the long run, the society in which they live." Is this not what D. S. Savage has in mind when he tells us that culture *precedes* civilization ?

Writing of *The Dark Ages* Mr. Morgan contends that the particular barrenness of modern despair is due to the political rather than religious bias given to our sense of common humanity. In later essays he proposes a truce between romantics and classicists in the face of collective materialism. But is not this a mere playing with words ? The terms denote attitudes of mind, both needed, and, as he says, not mutually exclusive. Reconciliation, in society as in art, is a private matter for each individual. Mr. Morgan's remarks on romanticism and on Maritain's classical method are inconclusive, as they must be, but waken fresh ideas. Perhaps his least satisfying pieces are those in which Menander dons his *Literary Supplement* manner.

These essays contain the mature fruit of a distinguished mind. In them we get lucid exposition from one of the finest prose-writers of our day and most readers will find it easier going than Mr. T. S. Eliot's comparable work—an attempt to define culture—published since the war. We question only one thing about a stimulating, often wise book. How long may an artist turn his mind to politics, contemporary history—to surface ripples instead of the deep-sea currents—without an eventual loss of creativeness ? Didacticism, that spoilt Mr. Eliot's *Cocktail Party* has not been quite absent from Mr. Morgan's later novels.

LUKE PARSONS

JOHN STUART MILL AND
HARRIET TAYLOR, by F. A.
Hayek. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
18s.

Though nearly 80 years have passed since the death of John Stuart Mill, one of the most influential men of the nineteenth century, no full-length biography of him has yet appeared. It is not for lack of material ; during the last 30 years voluminous collections of his papers have been made accessible in public libraries. From such sources and from private collections, Professor Hayek, in researches extending to many countries, has brought together a large mass of correspondence between Mill and Harriet Taylor, and presents the more important letters in a book that throws fresh light on Mill's many-sided personality.

No part of the correspondence had previously been published ; but in his books Mill had praised Harriet extravagantly, declaring that "in thought and intellect Shelley was but a child to what she ultimately became." Nothing emerges from this book to confirm such amazing eulogy. What does emerge is that Mill was not a cold intellectualist, a hard, dry logic-chopper as many have imagined, but a hypersensitive, emotional romantic. He and Mrs. Taylor first met in 1830, both being in their early twenties. At the age of 18 she had married John Taylor, a prosperous wholesale druggist, and when she met Mill was the mother of two children. Mill was then, as described by Carlyle many years later :

An innocent young creature, with rich auburn hair and a gentle pathetic expression . . . and that man, who up to that time, had never looked a female creature, not even a cow, in the face, found himself opposite to those great dark eyes that were flashing unutterable things.

The pair found each necessary to the other ; and in 1833 Taylor agreed that their friendship should continue. She went to live in the country with her young daughter, sometimes visiting her husband in London. Mill saw her frequently and travelled with her abroad.

Many years later, she assured a foreign visitor that since the beginning of her friendship with Mill, she had never been either to him or her husband "more than a *Seelenfreundin*". In 1851, nearly two years after Taylor's death, she married Mill, and in 1858, on her way with him to the Riviera, she died at Avignon. There he lived for the rest of his life, except for short visits to England, with his step-daughter, Helen Taylor, and died there in 1873.

His association with Harriet gave rise to much gossip. He resented it fiercely and broke with all whom he suspected of gossiping, separating himself from Carlyle and Roebuck, two of his most valued friends. His marriage was followed, for no apparent cause, by estrangement from his family. To those coming to know Mill through his *Autobiography*, it must be painful to contrast the overflowing affection of his letters to Harriet with the cold severity with which he treated his own relations.

Professor Hayek in recounting this drama of three lives, recreates the background against which it was enacted. In his hands it develops so naturally that some effort is required to appreciate that much laborious research and exact scholarship have gone to make his book a document of historical and psychological importance, as well as a romance of intense human interest.

G. F. MCCLEARY

DRAMA AND SOCIETY IN THE AGE OF JONSON, by L. C. Knights. *Chatto and Windus*. 12s. 6d.

A welcome may be extended to the reissue of this book which first appeared in 1937 and which is now republished without any change and at the original price. Apart from its own merits the intervening period (the war years excepted) has in various ways been favourable to a work of this particular type. The publication of successive volumes of the Oxford *Ben Jonson*, now nearing its conclusion, has kept Ben and his massive achievement prominently before the scholarly world.

Incidentally it is somewhat surprising that Professor Knights takes note only of the first two volumes (1925), usually from a controversial point of view. Furthermore, students of Elizabethan literature on both sides of the Atlantic have since 1937 made helpful contributions on varied aspects of Jonson's dramatic and other work. *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* have been translated into Italian, and *Bartholomew Fair* has recently been revived on the London stage by the Old Vic company.

Side by side with these literary and theatrical developments there has been an intensified interest in economic and social problems. Since 1937 the upheaval of the war, followed by the advent to power of a Labour Government, has resulted in a social revolution of which the ultimate issues cannot be foretold. We are living in a transitional age. It is another transitional age in the early seventeenth century of whose economic and social background Professor Knights presents a study in the first four chapters, approximately half, of his book. Forcibly written and amply documented, they form a valuable short treatise on their special subject. The economic life of the period falls into two patterns, of which the basic one was inherited from the middle ages. This was a local civilization chiefly founded on the manorial system in the country and on the guild organization in the towns. Upon this traditional order supervened the new pattern formed by the development of capitalist enterprise. Of the causes and growth of this, and of the consequent introduction of new elements into the national life, a vivid account is given.

Professor Knights indicates why this complex movement had its chief impact on drama about 1600 and the period that followed, especially in the plays of Jonson. He makes light of the 'humours' element in them and stresses as Jonson's main themes, "lust and the desire for wealth and their accompanying vanities." His

handling of these is illustrated, with extensive quotation, from *Sejanus*, *The Alchemist*, *Volpone*, *The Devil is an Ass* and *The Staple of News*. In each of them Professor Knights finds Jonson "drawing on the anti-acquisitive tradition inherited from the middle ages" which included more than a mere distrust of, or hostility towards, riches." It implied a conception of 'the Mean', and of 'nature' as a standard, which would find a response in his theatrical audiences.

This too is true, though with a difference, of Dekker. "He does not draw on popular thought and refine it, like Jonson; his thoughts are the thoughts of the average Londoner. Dekker's social morality is a morality that the average decent citizens would find acceptable." In the more realistic of Heywood's plays there is "the medieval tradition of neighbourliness. Economic individualism is met by arguments based on considerations of the common good." On the other hand Professor Knights denies to Middleton's comedies of intrigue the merit of photographic presentation of London life with which they have been credited. But in Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* and *The City Madam*, the Jonsonian attitude finds renewed vital expression. One may demur from some of the Professor's downright literary estimates but his book re-appears in a seasonable time.

F. S. BOAS

POETRY AND FAITH, by Augustus Ralli. *The Bodley Head*. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Ralli's book begins from a just denunciation of the materialism of modern civilization. "The spiritual and economic troubles from which the world is suffering," he says, "react upon each other. Anxiety for self-preservation depresses the spirit, and the depressed spirit magnifies the importance of material things." Work at any rate in a capitalist society, frequently involves competition (though it is surely an exaggeration to say that it follows that the worker assumes all

men to be born enemies). Leisure, on the other hand, is not only rare, it is usually an embarrassment to the man who has it. Distance and solitude have been almost abolished, and most men are cut off from nature and from the traditional ritual of rest and growth, seed and flower, death and rebirth. The result is that significance, purpose and wonder have gone out of life. In theological terms, life lacks grace; in aesthetic terms, it lacks imagination.

In *Poetry and Faith*, Mr. Ralli sets out to search literature for this imagination, believing that it will bring with it a sense of a greater dimension, of the eternal world behind the temporal, and, eventually, that it will be a guiding and moral influence in everyday action. Indeed, he boldly challenges those who would deny all practical and utilitarian office to poetry, and claims that it is the supreme educative influence in our lives.

With all this one may agree, but Mr. Ralli then goes on to develop his ideas. "Education," he says, "should teach us to see things through a veil of idealism and imagination." For my part, I find it quite impossible to think of imagination as any sort of veil. Imagination does not obscure; it removes obscurities. It does not blur or blot out this world; it makes it clear, luminous, transparent, so that we can see the other world shining through.

This conception of the imagination as a kind of romantic haze, a subtraction from reality rather than an addition to it, makes one somewhat suspicious of the second part of his book, where he undertakes a specific study of seven poets: Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. Nevertheless, his obvious enjoyment in the poetry often conveys itself to the reader, and one gets an impression of worlds moving behind worlds in a recession of implication, especially in the studies of Homer and Dante. But his criticism is altogether too backward-looking; he fails to relate it to the growing edge of

poetry. In his preface, for instance, he apologises for returning to such "old subjects" as if he were unaware of the recent work of critics like Middleton Murry on Shakespeare, Herbert Read on Wordsworth, and Charles Williams and T. S. Eliot on Dante. Moreover, the last two in particular, have had a profound effect not only on our attitude to Dante, but also on the practice and performance of poetry, a point completely ignored by Mr. Ralli. It is ridiculous to imply as seems to be implied here that there have been no "believing poets" since Robert Bridges. We have no Homer, certainly, and no Milton, but if Mr. Ralli will listen attentively to the *Four Quartets* or even to the work of a less orthodox poet such as Yeats, he may catch something of those significant "silences" which he hears between the surges of the *Odyssey* and the great diapasons of *Paradise Lost*.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

THE AMERICAN GENIUS: An anthology of poetry with some prose. Edited with an introduction by Edith Sitwell. John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

THIS INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT, by Monk Gibbon. Phoenix House. 10s. 6d.

Since Dr. Sitwell's book is intended only as the first of several such selections of American poetry and prose to be made by her, this one should be approached tentatively by the critic. A moment of disappointment, for example, that only a single poem of the brilliant young Robert Lowell (albeit his magnificent "The Ghost") is here included, must give place to patience. Further, since the anthologist has herself called this collection "purely personal", it would surely be heavy-handed—considering the vast extent of the field—to demand from it a systematic unfolding of the whole development of American poetry and prose. Even so, it will be surprising—bearing in mind Dr. Sitwell's intellectual and intuitive qualities—if a

clearly defined pattern of its major characteristics and achievements does not emerge from the completed series.

A great poet on poets is bound to be exciting, and Dr. Sitwell's Preface to *The American Genius* is no exception. Discussing a kinship which she discerns between Walt Whitman and William Blake, she quotes as equally applicable to both a saying of St. Catherine of Genoa: "If, of that which I am feeling, one drop were to fall into hell, hell itself would become all life everlasting." This and the other analyses are full of stimulation, as is also her illumination of some of the technical problems of the poet; and one wonders whether another great teacher has not here been lost.

The book opens with Edward Taylor's "Meditation Eight" and three poems from Edgar Allan Poe. These are the only poems earlier than Whitman which are included, and they are followed by almost thirty pages from this poet. This most satisfying selection is followed by generous readings from Herman Melville—poetry and prose, Mr. T. S. Eliot—"The Waste Land" and "Sweeney Agonistes", Mr. Ezra Pound and Emily Dickinson, among others. Many of the most interesting young American poets are also well represented, after detailed preparatory examination of their work.

Not everyone will agree with all Dr. Sitwell's findings. "At his best", she says, Mr. Kenneth Patchen has "a voice of fire." True also that Mr. E. E. Cummings is "... at his best a poet of great beauty." But about the extremely odd and self-conscious verbal contortions of these two poets at other levels, she is silent. Nor will the actual quotations chosen to illustrate Mr. Patchen's power of expression convince everyone. On the other hand, her somewhat qualified commendation of Emily Dickinson will seem to some people an under-estimate of this poet's worth.

The reading of this book is a living experience, revealing, as it does, the beginnings of the founding of a new

culture ; one which, having none of the natural springs from which our own, for instance, was nourished, has to make its soil, its climate, and even—to a considerable degree—its language, as it evolves.

To turn from this vigorous book to the work of Mr. Monk Gibbon is rather like reaching harbour after a stormy crossing. For his is a much more sheltered and gentle talent than is mostly represented in *The American Genius*.

The first section of the present volume, which gives it its title, contains all Mr. Gibbon's more recent poetry, none of which has previously been published in book form. The sections which follow it reproduce much of his best earlier work, long out of print. The result is a volume of sufficient dimensions to enable the reader to stand back from it, so to speak, and attempt to assess Mr. Gibbon's achievement, up to the present. Without doubt, this poet—who has always spoken with his own voice and never as the mouthpiece of any "school" or "ism" or fashion—emerges as a lyric poet of impressive beauty ; sincere, direct, and, above all, with an exquisite, calm clarity—an authentic minor voice.

LOVEDAY MARTIN

NINETEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE IN BRITAIN by Reginald Turnor. *Batsford*. 21s.

There must be a certain trepidation at opening a book about the architecture of our grandfathers. The tempo of resurrecting fashions has been increased by the Festival, and it was to be feared that someone might rush into anxious print to find Butterfield 'quaint', or admire the architecture—anyone can respect the history—of the Albert Memorial. And indeed it is proper that strict Betjemanites should stimulate us to re-examine our values, and to re-assess those architects at whom it was too easily conventional to sneer, in the full flush of concrete and of functional building, 20 years ago.

Mr. Turnor, however, resists affectation, and has written a very good book. He sees three great revolutions in English architecture. The first is that of the Renaissance, coming to its peak in the eighteenth century. The second is the Gothic revival, and the moral preoccupations of the Victorians. The third, for which Mr. Turnor has only tepid hopes, lies in the structural development of to-day, when perhaps the architect may again be allowed to think of putting up a beautiful building, escaping from the sense of guilt, shared by Ruskin and the strict 'functionalists', that decoration for its own sake is a crime. Mr. Turnor is excellent in his definitions of the relationship between the engineer and the architect, in which the architect, from being the rather snobbish senior partner, has seen the position entirely reversed. He wisely hopes for an adjustment of these extremes, and bravely suggests that after all the creator is more important than the executive. Since his book was published Mr. Turnor has no doubt seen the buildings of the South Bank exhibition, which may give him a sense of greater optimism.

The leading architects of the turn of the century—Wyatt, Soane, Rennie, Telford and Nash—are faithfully dealt with. The lesser ones are recorded. Mr. Turnor is not uncritically enthusiastic about all of Nash's work. But with a rare virtue he quotes with acknowledgment Mr. John Summerson, who admires Nash very much indeed. He is firm in his disapproval of the middle Victorians, and discreet in his praise of their successors.

He has not room for everything, and as an architect he eschews sociological generalizations. He does not therefore consider what was being built at the beginning of the nineteenth century as well as the mansions, bridges and prisons which preoccupied the leading architects—the back to back slums of the cities, and the black pit-heads. Nor does he write of the other things that were being erected while the Victorian big-wigs

were at their churches and their universities. Still less does he consider the suburban rashes which coincided with the stockbroking building of the end of the century. His is, in fact, a conventional history of leading architects and their works, with something of the trends which directed them.

It is well and vigorously written, and not, as sometimes in books which are full of illustrations, a rather formless commentary on the pictures. These are excellent, but would have been better still, perhaps, with less ample margins.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

ME AND MR. MOUNTJOY, by
Ethelind Fearon. *Macdonald*.
12s. 6d.

One of the problems confronting the country writer, whether he is concerned with nature or agriculture or country life in general, is the finding of a suitable framework for his material. The day to day diary of the seasons has been rather overdone—which is not to say that it is not still one of the best devices or that it will not continue to be used with success. But it was at any rate ingenious of Ethelind Fearon to use the life of a pig (for such is Mr. Mountjoy) as a thread of developing interest on which to hang her observations and reflections on what may be called the lighter side of the rural round. For though Mr. Mountjoy is the hero of the book and we are shown her development (name being at odds with sex) from that day when she was rather surprisingly won at the village flower show to that other day, two years later, when the excessive heat at the county agricultural show carried her off, she is not the book's major theme. This concerns harvests and turkeys and farm life in general, village pantomimes and morris dancing and certain more domestic goings-on, to all of which the author brings a keen observation and an unusually blended appreciation of the realistic and the humorous, the hard facts and the fun.

Perhaps the fun tends to get the upper hand—even to the extent of becoming farcical. If Mrs. Fearon makes some home-made wine, of course she uses washing soda instead of sugar. If she spring-cleans the house, no sooner has she got everything spick and span again when of course the chimney catches fire. Or if she provides the bouquet which is to be presented to Lady Potton after the amateur theatricals, of course she forgets (until a bout of sneezing reminds her) that she has dusted the flowers with derris powder. All of which is nicely, and journalistically, calculated to raise a laugh; but it is not by any means the whole of the book; and those readers who look to a book for something more than a laugh which is unlikely to be repeated on a second reading will probably prefer Mrs. Fearon's less italicized pages. In these he will find ample justification for the excitement he felt when, some five years ago, a new and authentic country writer swam into his ken with her first book, *Most Happy Husbandman*.

Mrs. Fearon's strength lies, surely, in the fact that she is able to treat serious matters seriously—but at the same time lightly. We all know those country writers, for instance, to whom the mention of the midden and the compost heap is at once an occasion for genuflection. Similarly, in this mechanical age there is the real danger of a reactionary adulation of the hand craftsman, for whom no praise is too high and whose slightest word must hush the listener into a reverent silence. But Mrs. Fearon knows better. She can write of the oneness of nature, against whom all wastefulness is a sin that will bring its own retaliation, and of a wheelwright's loving use of his materials in a manner as lacking in unction as it is knowledgeable of the facts. So perhaps after all, one ought not to object to the touch of high jinks in this excellent book; it may purchase the interest of many a reader who will pause to ponder after the laugh.

C. HENRY WARREN

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

If the challenge of Russian Communism is in part responsible for the searching examination which goes on into our own way of life and into that of the Commonwealth and American democracy, it is not without benefit. The route of the west is in need of finger posting if its goal is to be reached.

Colonial systems

In this respect Messrs. *Faber and Faber* have recently put us often in their debt. A new work by Kathleen Stahl, *BRITISH AND SOVIET COLONIAL SYSTEMS* (12s. 6d.), adds to the number of their studies and offers two interesting and contrasting sections as the title suggests. Whether the reader supports Mrs. Stahl's contention that a true basis of comparison between the two exists depends largely on whether he can accept the view that the outlying republics of the U.S.S.R. are colonies and whether he believes that 'policy' is always the right term for British treatment of the heterogeneous and scattered lands under its control. The U.S.S.R. policy is rigid and based upon the expectation of conformity; the British is so elastic that it is likely to be pulled in a number of directions according to circumstances. As a single example of the doubt felt by many about the continuity of British policy we may quote Professor W. L. Burn who writes in *THE BRITISH WEST INDIES* (*Hutchinson's University Library*, 7s. 6d.) that in 1946 "we in Great Britain appeared to be discharging our obligations to the satisfaction of our own consciences and to the comfort of our fellow-subjects in the West Indies" but "the historian . . . cannot venture to predict how long this attitude will be maintained or what other will follow it."

Yet, even if British policies for the Commonwealth seem largely to have been rationalizations following events and compromises between British interests and the aspirations of individual member territories, the right of the Commonwealth to be regarded as the

most successful teacher of responsible government in the world is not to be denied. And this, notwithstanding that the time has now arrived when, as Mrs. Stahl says, "the great problem for imperial policy in the British Empire is no longer what will allow for the development of its free and equal members, but what will hold it together." As a factual study her book is pleasing and decidedly helpful; it is none the worse for seeing Britain's effort in so favourable a light. All the same, if we wish to be realistic, it is as well to moderate our enthusiasm for the ideal by a reading of operational shortcomings such as Professor Burn's history unfolds.

Monsters not men

A book to be picked up from the table and read by as many people as possible before they are completely deceived into thinking that Marshal Stalin's Russians — like Hitler's Germans and Napoleon's Frenchmen — are monsters "not honour'd with a human shape" — so powerful is the necromancy of the word 'communism' — is *MOSCOW CLOSE-UP* (*Dennis Yates*, 9s. 6d.). Harold Laycock, for seven months assistant editor of the *British Ally* in Moscow, is the author. His is not a political book; it is a pen-picture of Moscow as he knew it. There is plenty in it to regret; the constant surveillance, the effect of propaganda, the inability of Englishmen to enter Russian homes; yet Russians are not revealed as hard and menacing. On the contrary, like the rest of us they enjoy being friendly, when they dare, and enjoy being liked.

Lastly in this overseas section is a symposium edited by Sydney D. Bailey on *ASPECTS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT* (*The Hansard Society*, 6s.). Here is just about everything that one wants to know by way of introduction, tough going in parts, meaning that it is a book of instruction and not of entertainment, though relieved by Professor

Brogan's chapter title "The Wayward Child : Congress".

Forgery

Still abroad but on a very different mission John Godley relates the astonishing story of Han van Meegeheren, *THE MASTER FORGER* (*Home and Van Thal*. 9s. 6d.). John Godley's presumption in knowing just what was passing in van Meegeheren's mind at every stage of these perplexing proceedings, will be vexing to some, convention though it may be in biographical writing. But I am far from sorry that I read the book. Van Meegeren, as many will remember, was a Dutch painter. Scorned by the critics he began forging by producing paintings which he attributed to Vermeer and others. He sold them for nearly £1 million and it was not until one was found among Goering's collection after the war that the truth came out. Van Meegeren was anxious to be found guilty ; to prove his guilt he painted yet another picture before witnesses. There seems little reason to doubt that the original motive was not greed but the desire for revenge, by proving the critics wrong.

Police efficiency

Once the Goering picture had been discovered the police showed the efficiency that one readily expects after a reading of Anthony Martienssen's book *CRIME AND THE POLICE* (*Secker & Warburg*. 10s. 6d.). Those who take a pride in the British police forces and readers of detective stories, even if they do not, will find much to admire in this story of competence ; in sum it is the old definition of genius as the infinite capacity for taking pains. So, in part, can the success in the 1939-1945 war of No. 5 BOMBER GROUP R.A.F. (*Faber and Faber*. 15s.) be explained ; but not wholly. Endurance, courage and unconquerable spirit were also needed and so was leadership, supplied at the start, as the author, W. J. Lawrence tells us, by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris, a

builder of the Group's valiant tradition. This is a great story of duty well done ; many of the tasks set No. 5 Bomber Group, the daylight raid on the main engine-assembly shop at Augsburg, the attacks on the Mohne and Eder dams, the bombing of the *Tirpitz*, will be discussed and marvelled at long after, let it be hoped, the need for such heroic deeds has passed.

A schoolmaster reflects

A quieter theme is that of *THE SCHOOLMASTER* (*John Lehmann*. 8s. 6d.). Aubrey de Selincourt, with knowledge of four schools though not, I think, of county ones, brings the wisdom and tolerance of long experience to his subject. His is not a particularly profound or original book. Others have said before him : "In human relationships—and teaching is pre-eminently a human relationship—it is persons that count," but others are often without his harmony of mind and it is this quality more than his opinions that will benefit readers, who should be many.

Harmony

Harmony of mind, too, is often associated with those who seek their pleasure in rock climbing and mountaineering far from most of their fellows who prefer no greater solitude than that provided by Blackpool or Southend. *Seeley Service's* *Week-End Library*, which has been going, is it twenty years ? is incapable of failure and *THE MOUNTAINEER'S WEEK-END BOOK* by Showell Styles (12s. 6d.) is yet another triumph for author, decorator (Thomas Beck) and publisher. The printers (J. & J. Gray of Edinburgh) can be proud of the volume also. But this is a case of publishers who know their authors' subjects so well that they can lend their whole weight to make the production apt. Lay-out and type selection are first class and if harmony is sought in book production as well as for minds, here it is.

Summer passion

But for many cricket not moun-

taineering is the summer passion and this must be the excuse for reference to a little book published some months ago. THE FIRST TEST MATCH against Australia was played at Melbourne in March 1877 when about a thousand people were gathered to watch the All England Eleven captained by James Lillywhite play a Combined Team selected from Victoria and New South Wales. Nobody, of course, called it a test match then but its fame has grown so that our thanks go out to Stanley Brogden who has compiled the account of the match from contemporary sources and to John Arlott who has supplied the English background. The

book is published at 4s. 6d. by *Phoenix House*.

Many men's problems

Finally, if you are thinking of **BUYING AND SELLING A HOUSE**, yet wish to avoid the pitfalls by knowing rather more about it before you do, you cannot do better than to buy the book of that name which appears in *Stevens and Sons* series : *This Is The Law*. It has been written by M. Basil Evans and costs 6s. 6d.

Away on a brief holiday, Grace Banyard returns to the job of writing these columns next month.

JOHN ARMITAGE

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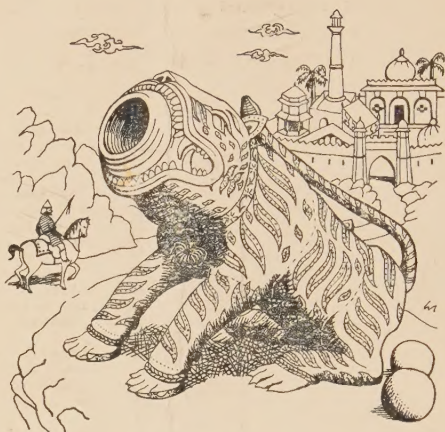
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springs, statues and heavy duty bearings. Copper was the first metal used by primitive man as he emerged from the Stone Age. When the Romans came to Britain, copper was already being widely used in the form of bronze. Mining and smelting were being carried out in Cumberland, Anglesey and North Wales. Today most of the world's copper ore is mined in Africa and the Americas.

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